THE FORUM

FOR FEBRUARY 1913

OUR PRIMITIVE KNOWLEDGE

GEORGE BOURNE

THE interest we are wont to take in the sight of work being done is itself an interesting thing: for by what mysterious attraction is it that we are drawn, say, to go out of our way and look at a hole in the street with a man at work in it? Sheer animal curiosity no doubt will account for some of the fascination. When the wayfarer has satisfied himself that there is nothing newer to be observed than a leakage in the gas main or a fault in somebody's sewer he can go on again, having satisfied nothing more than an inquisitive instinct, like that of dogs and cats, who must inquire into every fresh thing. But often enough a residuum of spectators will remain long, watching the man in the hole, to see what he does there and how he does it.

This behavior, it will be said, marks especially the born idler. But the born idler—the fellow who will rather starve at the street corner than work himself, and is certainly the chief patron of these gratuitous exhibitions of labor—the born idler, I fancy, has frequently something of the artist in his composition. At any rate quite a respectable body of artists and philosophers shares with him this aloof interest in work they cannot do themselves. It is an artist's peculiarity, and something worthier in him than a fad, to require in the utensils and ornaments of his house some trace of human hands making them. Pottery, to please him, will not be so finished that all evidence of the wheel is removed from it. He likes his door-latch to show the dintings of the smith's hammer; he prefers an indifferent woodcut to a good photograph; and in sculpture he is not friendly to

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the file that obliterates chisel-marks. In fine, he wishes to be reminded always of the craftsman. This fact, I know, does not explain why craftsmanship draws our attention so irresistibly, but it disposes of a laughing suggestion somebody made to me, that our own idleness has the greater relish from being contrasted with some other man's toil. It's not so with the artist, and I will not believe that it is so with the mere idler. We look at the man in the hole, not gloating over his sweat, but as connoisseurs of his cleverness. In fact, the man scarcely concerns us, so absorbed are we in observing what happens to the materials, yielding gradually to his dexterity. The cause may be obscure, but the effect is certain: that sense of irritation with which we see another stirring the fire when we could do it so much better ourselves is exchanged for a deep contentment in the presence of a good workman. There is no wish to take the tool from his hands; he is already doing very much to our mind—as well as we ourselves would do in his place; and a subtle pleasure steals through our veins as we watch him.

To say that the element which appeals to us is "skill" is only to give a name, and that not a very exact one, to the object of our interest: it does not at all discover why skill is attractive. Besides, in the majority of cases the skill is so recondite, so elusive, as to pass undetected. The real cunning of the muscular movement escapes us, we are only gladdened by its effects. Nor is it much more enlightening to argue that the craftsman's interest in his job communicates itself to our own sympathies; for in point of fact he is quite often weary of the work, and yet the onlooker's pleasure is undiminished. A likelier hypothesis, which seems at first too far-fetched to be seriously put forward, is that a deep-seated instinct is affected, is stimulated, by anything suggestive of man's victory in the everlasting conflict with nature. It is because every well-wiped joint in plumbing, every good hammer-stroke, every brick truly laid, makes ultimately for civilization, that our spirits as it were congratulate themselves when these things are being effected in our sight.

The argument as it stands does not convince, but merits attention. It is down in that hole in the street, for one important place, or high up where the crane is swinging bricks on to the

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scaffolding, for another, that the quarrel with nature (nature in the shape, now of metals, now of gases, now of forces of gravitation) is really being fought out. Practical activity is what wins. The conceit of book-learning makes much of study and science; but while these would be nothing to the purpose without the laborer, the laborer is much to the purpose without science and study. In quarry and lime-kiln, on railway sidings, in the smithy and the manhole and the boiler-maker's shop, in forests and on windy uplands and out at sea; watching the substance of materials as it changes under the hammer or gives passage to the chisel-edge; wrestling with each wave that heaves up; providing its fit rejoinder to every flaw of wind; untaught men give their lives to the pursuit of a lore which, primitive though it is, or perhaps because it is primitive, holds civilization in its place, but of which scarce an echo has found its way into schools and lecture rooms. One may profitably ask, who first learnt those technicalities which now we talk so much about teaching to the working people? for the answer is, the working people. Hearing the uproar over technical education, a newcomer to this planet might easily suppose that until now men were strangers to effective work. Yet the Romans had some acquaintance with it, though, curiously enough, they must have had more Latin than science. When their empire declined and fell, ours was already preparing, but still by uneducated men. Certainly we should hardly have got far—not so far as Kent—if Hengist and Horsa or some such fellows had waited for technical education lectures to show them the principles of invasion. Our civilization began with their ship-building, or earlier: it was pushed on by Wessex farming: and by struggles in field and forest and mine ever since it has been brought to the stage we see. If at last, as some forebode, ours in its turn is doomed, and for want of scientific learning, another civilization that may surpass all is growing up, yet still without that aid, across the Atlantic. On the wheat-fields of the Far West and North-West they ask not for school-certificates, but for men willing to go and solve on the spot the first problems of progress. In short if the world does well, as of course it does, to prize the immense utility of scientific learning, on the other hand it does ill to condemn, as we do

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condemn, the primitive rule-of-thumb knowledge of the average wage-earner. For the one cannot supplant the other. We are not to be absolved from knowing how to split kindling wood, and what wood to choose for it, because we understand the science of combustion; and if we must choose, the former is the worthier piece of knowledge, and concerns us the more intimately. At wood-splitting, at road-mending, or wherever a laborer is about his daily task, there civilization is going on. We watch it "in being," we look upon its fierce organic life, whenever we pause to observe a man at work.

Will these reflections serve, though—that is still the question—to explain our constant relish for such an observing? Unfortunately, no. Speaking for myself at least I am sure that such an idea has not once entered my head in all the times when I have stood gazing at workmen. It is a conception one elaborates afterwards, dreaming by the fire-side. The cunning bit of bricklaying or shovelling or horse-driving does not wait for a man to think all this before it pleases him; but it finds out some susceptible place in his sentiments and makes its appeal to that, direct. When I saw, the other day, a man with climbing-irons swarming up a telegraph post to adjust the wires, it did not occur to me to reason, "There is civilization in progress and therefore I like it"; I simply stared and was pleased. As yet, therefore, we are without an explanation of this kind of enjoyment; we do not know what element in the spectacle contributes to it.

I think, however, that we are not far off now from what is probably the true answer to the puzzle. One word in fact gives the clue; and to lay hold of it at once—it is misleading to talk of man's "quarrel" with nature, where effective work is going on. The stage of quarrel is then past, and the good workman, by dint of mastering them, is friends with his natural conditions. No more relentless antagonist confronts man than snow and ice; and it is a mark of the uncivilized state of some races, like the Patagonians, to be more or less at the mercy of these enemies, still "quarrelling," unable to get the upper hand. For contrast, I quote the following from a friend's letter. Writing in December from a Canadian lumber camp, he remarks, "The unseason-

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able weather makes bush-work slow. There's little snow—hardly enough for sleighing with a big load, and the temperature daily goes above freezing point. . . . The sooner we get down to zero for good, the better for the country." In the lumber camp, that is to say, men are no longer uncivilized toward wintry weather, but they and the snow are friends. And such is the situation implied in all efficient labor. Though in other respects he may be a savage, in respect to lead and solder—those small parts of "nature"—the plumber down in the hole in the street is the most civilized man present. In that one instance he is on good terms, on perfect terms, with his environment; and as his task is pushed toward its accomplishment, as man and nature gradually fit together like the parts of a jig-saw puzzle locking into their ordained unity, it is (and unawares we feel it) upon a piece of perfect adaptation that our eyes rest.

So then we make out at last what sentiment it is in us that the sight of work so pleasantly awakens. The insatiable passion for fitness, for beauty, is greedy of manifestations such as these, because though they rarely break out into visible beauty the bottom conditions that make for beauty are invariably present in them.

To go into the matter more narrowly: in the hole in the street not only dexterity or skill is alive, but knowledge also, and this of a peculiar kind. It is the primitive knowledge, which enables man to deal with nature; and it should not be confused with the elementary knowledge he ought to have as a social being. A moment's reflection will disclose the great difference between the two. Unlike the primitive kind, elementary knowledge recognizes no sections in the community, but must be the common possession of the nation at large. Thus, since there is one printed language for us all, we must all learn to read it: since the same coinage circulates, and the same system of counting it is in vogue, through all the grades of society, the study of these things must be insisted upon in every grade. They are elements of inter-social communication. In other words, elementary learning is social in its application, and general in its scope, so that every individual of the whole nation ought to possess it. But how different from this is the primitive knowledge involved

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in any ordinary job of work! More indispensable though it is than the other, yet that all should know it is neither necessary nor possible. If those have the knowledge who need to use it, that is enough; and only by its being subdivided (not shared) can all its numberless adaptations be secured and the community at large be enabled to rest at peace. In sum it consists of this: the proved answers to all the last wriggling shifts and baffling contradictions that nature opposes to our victory over her. It is the persuasion by which she is brought to consent to our policy; and the laborer is our diplomat. To the Polynesian, whose requirements are few, she propounds but few riddles; but he must know the answers, learning them in no class-room but on lagoon and beach where they have to be given. With a people like the English, on the contrary, the primitive riddles of nature and the perfect replies to them are numerous beyond all computation. It were in vain did one seek to generalize them; some indeed of the more comprehensive solutions have been systematized in laboratory and study and can be passed on through schools; but the bulk of this knowledge will not generalize, is not required by the generality, and is only to be learnt there where it is wanted. It is known in detail only and to seek acquaintance with it all would be about as hopeful as seeking individual acquaintance with all the people of London.

One can only suggest by examples the minuteness of its details and how innumerable they are, and how they interweave. I watched a bricklayer and a laborer who were pulling up the cobblestones of an old pavement, to replace them with paving bricks. When the space was at last ready for laying the bricks true, with admirable certainty the bricklayer at once secured his line in the exact place where their upper surface must come—two inches above the ground, four feet three inches away from a wall, and with a slant of four and a half inches in eighteen feet. With much time, and after many errors, I too could have fixed a line in the same place; but this man made no errors. He stretched the cord over one brick, tightened it with another, tested it with level and rule, and forthwith was spreading mortar and laying his pavement; he being a man who knew the best tricks for mastering a length of cord. In other matters he was

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dependent on the experience of generations of other workmen. His level was a thing of ingenuity to stagger the imagination: his cord was ravelled by knowledge as ancient as the stone age; and it was wound up on two delicate iron wedges whose form had been determined by men acquainted with the shape most easily to be inserted into a brick wall.

The trowel impressed me, as I have since found that it did Thoreau. In his words, "I was struck by the peculiar toughness of the steel which bore so many violent blows without being worn out"; and presently therefore I asked the bricklayer how long a trowel ought to be expected to last? He had had this one that he was using for about fifteen months, he said; whereupon the laborer remarked, "That must be a nice bit o' work, temperin' the steel like that." The bricklayer added that, before this one, he had bought a trowel which had "flown," or cracked, right across the middle on the first day of use. Taking it back to the shop, he was offered in exchange this "extra big one. Thirteen inches, *he* was. Mostly they only uses 'em twelve inches." Why the trowel-maker should ever depart from the twelve-inch standard I did not inquire; but I am prepared to learn that, for some special and uncommon kinds of work, the longer tool is recognized as more suitable.

It happened that the bricklayer discarded a brick he had picked up, and chose another; and upon my asking why he had done that, he showed me the two, placed together. The first was a quarter of an inch narrower than the other. "But," I queried, "I thought they were all made in one mould?" "Yes," he said, "so they be. But it's after they're made, they goes in the burnin', if the clay is too strong. They wire-cut bricks is the worst. I've knowed them go as much as three-eighths of an inch. Sometimes 'tis because they gets too much heat under 'em at first start: then the stuff gives."

Other things about bricks, worth knowing by those who handle them, were mentioned by the laborer. It was when pulling up the rough stones that he remarked, "Anybody not used to it 'd find half a day o' this job make their hands sore." My comment was a question again: it must surely be a still more painful job, must it not?—that of unloading bricks from a cart,

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where one man tosses them to another, four at a time. The laborer vouchsafed no direct reply, but said, "There's a wonderful difference, though, in the way men'll chuck the bricks. Some'll sort o' *dig* 'em into ye—it tears yer hands all to pieces: and some'll seem to lift 'em into yer hands so that they seems as light again." So, even here, is skill. "These stock bricks hurts most," the man continued; "they got such rough edges. All manner o' clinkers and cinders and old broken glass ground up into 'em—they *be* rough to handle. 'Twas all red bricks when I fust knowed it: they couldn't grind up the stuff for the stock. Or else stock be the best bricks for keepin' out the weather." He digressed then, to talk of flint walls, and of pavements made of "they pobble stones, like you sees down in Sussex," while I stood agape to hear more, not stopping then to wonder what unknown worthy first observed that "stock" bricks keep out the weather better than the red kind.

Much, and perhaps the most important part, of this homely learning is so strictly localized in its application that a general acquaintance with it is out of the question. A little while ago a ridge of hill was pointed out to me as "the best bit o' land for maltin' barley for a wonderful sight o' miles round." And in this detailed way all England is known—not to all Englishmen, but to the English. Gilbert White, describing the parish of Selborne, enumerates the general characteristics of its soil, as known to his illiterate neighbors. And though he does not particularize as they could have done, pointing to the best spots in every field, it is truly marvellous how many details he has recorded. On the "free-stone," he says, the beeches, "thrive as well . . . . as on the chalks." The wells "run to about sixty-three feet," and "produce a fine limpid water, soft to the taste . . . . but which does not lather well with soap." "To the south-west is a rank clay, that requires the labor of years to render it mellow." "The houses are divided from the hill by a vein of stiff clay (good wheat land)." "To the north-east . . . . is a kind of white land, neither chalk nor clay, neither fit for pasture nor for the plough, yet kindly for hops, which root deep into the free-stone, and have their poles and wood for charcoal growing just at hand. This white soil

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produces the brightest hops." "At the juncture of the clays and sand, the soil becomes a wet, sandy loam, remarkable for timber, and infamous for roads. The oaks of Temple and Blackmoor stand high in the estimation of purveyors, and have furnished much naval timber; while the trees on the free-stone grow large, but are what workmen call *shakey,* and so brittle as often to fall to pieces in sawing."

Thus to learn their country, field by field, has been one among the many studies of the English for fourteen hundred years; and they have not yet abandoned it. While our elementary schoolmasters, well-meaning and ardent, troop off during their summer holidays to some Agricultural College or other for a fortnight's course in "Agriculture," illiterate farm-men on the land, fitting their labor close to the soil and the crop, are renewing the real agricultural knowledge of England. A farmer (who mentions casually that of course different breeds of cattle thrive best on different soils) tells of a farm in Hampshire which was newly taken by a Scotsman. One day a neighbor saw the Scot lying up in a hedge. "Hullo! What ye got at, layin' down there? Gone to sleep?" "I'm learning," said the Scotsman. "Learnin' to sleep?" "Learning to farm, I'm watching them over there," and he pointed to men at work in another farmer's field. "Where I came from we had different ways of doing *everything,* and different times and seasons; and I want to find out the way that suits this part of the country."

Apparently then it is not the well-informed and those eager to teach, who know the primitive necessary lore of civilization; it is the illiterate. In California, Louis Stevenson found men studying the quality of vines grown on different pockets of earth, just as the peasants of Burgundy and the Rhine have done for ages. And even so the English generations have watched the produce of their varying soils. When or how was it learnt—was it at Oxford or at Cambridge?—that the apples of Devonshire are so especially fit for cider? Or how is it that hops are growing—some of them planted before living memory—all along that strip of green-sand which encircles the Weald—that curious strip to which text-books at last point triumphantly as being singularly adapted for hops? Until it got into the books, this

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piece of knowledge was not thought of as learning; it had merely been acted upon, during some centuries. But such knowledge exists, boundless, in whatever direction one follows it; the knowledge of fitting means to ends: excellent rule-of-thumb knowledge, as good as the chemist uses for analyzing water. When the peculiar values of a plot of land have been established, as for instance that it is a clay "too strong" for bricks, then further forms of localized knowledge are brought to supplement this, until at last the bricks are made. Next, they must be removed from the field; and immediately new problems arise. The old farm-cart, designed for roots or manure, has not the most suitable shape for brick-carting. Probably too its wide wheels, which were intended for the softness of ploughed land, are needlessly clumsy for the hard road. Soon therefore the local wheelwright begins to lighten his spokes and felloes, and to make the wheels a trifle less "dished"; while his blacksmith binds them in a narrower but thicker tire, to which he gives a shade more tightness. For the wheelwright learns from the carter—that ignorant fellow—the answer to the new problems set by a load of bricks. A good carter, for his part, is able to adjust his labor to his locality. A part of his duty consists in knowing what constitutes a fair load for his horse, in the district where he is working. So many hundred stock bricks, so many more or fewer of the red or wire-cut, such and such a quantity of sand or timber or straw or coal or drain pipes or slates according to their kinds and sizes, will make as much as an average horse can draw in this neighborhood; but in London the loads are bigger and the vehicles heavier; while in more hilly parts (as you may see any day in the West Country) two horses are put before a cart and load which the London carter would deem hardly too much for a costermonger's donkey.

So it goes throughout civilization: there is not an industry but produces its own special knowledge relating to unclassified details of adjustment. A householder giving orders for the fixing of a curtain rod over a window was advised to have it placed a certain number of inches—thirteen, I think—below the ceiling; because, the house-decorator reasoned, "when you have the walls re-papered, most likely you will have a paper with a

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frieze, and all the friezes are made thirteen inches deep." How trivial a thing it seems to know! and yet how convenient that some one should know it! Among the thousand other things besides wall-papers that have standard dimensions, may be mentioned ropes, screws, deal boards, lead pipes, scythes, turfs for a lawn, all of which are in sizes perfectly known to the men who handle them, and doubtless for good reasons, though an outsider may not always guess what the reasons are. Another series of details is connected with times and seasons. The timber merchant knows that oak bark will only " run " in early spring, and that beech should be felled and opened before Christmas, whereas elm may lie two years before the sawyer touches it. Long months beforehand the shepherd finds out when Easter is to fall, so that he may be able to supply the butcher with plentiful " Easter Lamb." Of mere tricks—to return once more to them —like the bricklayer's for fixing his line, the number is legion. The sawyer sets the teeth of his saw to take a wider cut for green timber than for dry: the timber-carter loads his trees with the butt ends toward the horses; the farmer, having harrowed up the weeds on to the surface of his land, prefers that the women who rake them into heaps for burning should follow, not cross, the marks left by the harrow tines. A whole group of such tricks makes up the butcher's art of cutting up a carcass.

In such ways the nice adaptations we so love to watch are prepared for, by a kind of knowledge not to be picked up in schools. At everyone's disposal, no one person ever knew a thousandth part of it; but, quietly passed on from man to man, it comes flowing down the generations, so that to-day's civilization is saturated with it and softened, as the south-west wind by moisture of the waters over which it has travelled. But after all it is only a preparation. Skill cannot act upon knowledge, nor the adaptation be made, nor its struggling beauty begin to appear and fascinate us, until the owner of this knowledge adds judgment to it, and in the very contact with nature fitness comes to life. It is by judgment—that product of personal experience; that skill of the intelligence; that incommunicable knowledge which every workman must acquire afresh for himself because none can impart it to him—that the final adjustments are per-

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fected. The pottery master may know the exact weight of clay that goes to the making of a plate; and yet, unless for office-work, in him it is an idle learning. The active form of it is supplied by the women in his workshops. In his novel *Anna of the Five Towns,* Mr. Arnold Bennett takes the heroine to view a pottery, where, besides at other wonders, she marvelled, we are told, at "the careless accuracy with which they (the women) fed the batting machine with lumps precisely calculated to form a plate of a given diameter." Naturally she marvelled. She was looking at a piece of exact fitting between the human organism and a part of nature; and the crude beginnings of a beauty beyond all the beauty of crockery were visibly living before her eyes.

By knowledge of this kind; by a power of discrimination laboriously attained during years of watchfulness at bench or forge or furnace, or on buildings or in the fields; thousands and thousands of men are able to tell, often at a single glance, the worth of the materials given to them to use. Whether this oak plank or that is the harder; whether one piece of leather or the next will make the best boot soles; if the plaster works properly under the flatting tool, or the varnish under the brush; if the axe comes to its due edge upon the grindstone, if the coal will give a clear flame, or the iron weld, or the manure-heap ferment: all such things the expert workman knows, as no one else can, so that there is no deceiving him. Yet the tokens are so subtle that none may explain them to another. They are not, for instance, such as can be made known to the officers and gentlemen who, coming from Sandhurst rather than from shops, pretend to inspect the stores supplied to our army, but fail to keep out the bayonets that buckle, the hay that goes musty, the boots that wear to a pulp. Scientific tests are not workable and break down: the only safeguard against the cleverness of fraud is the still greater cleverness of the primitive knowledge called judgment.

A form of judgment perhaps the most important of all remains to be mentioned. It consists in knowing what is happening; in recognizing, instantly upon its arrival, the moment for a given operation. The blacksmith stares into his fire at the glow-

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ing iron: he watches it turn white from red: now the flaming sparkles begin to rush upward; and the solitary moment is at hand when the iron may be properly welded. A second earlier the heat would have been too little: a second later the metal would begin to "burn" and be damaged. Knowledge of the appointed time marks perhaps the highest accomplishment of the smith; it is at least rarer than the power of deft hammerwork. In hop-drying there are occasional minutes during which inattention may bring to naught the cares of the whole year. With some operations the essential point is to know when to leave off; one turn of the wrench tightens the nut; another, and something snaps. It is by consummate judgment exercised before the wheels have made another revolution that the motor road-hog avoids daily manslaughter. But indeed the workings of judgment lead back naturally to the starting point of this paper, approaching it, however, now from the other side. No longer need we ask, What is it about the sight of work that is so agreeable? but we may say, This act of labor is a piece of living beauty: is it not agreeable to see? Wherever judgment is engaged upon producing exactness, there with delight one sees the fine contours arising, the boundary being traced out and growing visible, between the too much and the too little. The most hostile pedestrian, therefore, may hardly refuse admiration—however alloyed with wrath—to the sinuous swift progress of the motor car darting fish-like and exact between all obstacles; but to "cut it too fine," as the metaphor goes, is ugly as well as dangerous. A similar instance of beauty unintentionally brought into being as the work proceeds is that of the slowly slackening approach of a steamer to a pier. A better still—the best of all, perhaps—arises from a carter's knowledge in managing a team with a long load, when many different elements of fitness interweave into a spectacle of commanding interest. I once saw three horses, in front of a timber-carriage bearing a thirty foot tree, taken round a sharp corner in a narrow street, where it seemed inevitable that the end of the tree must go through a window across the street and then overturn a lamp-post. But the carter knew to an inch how far to lead his horses and where to turn them. To the disappointment of many spectators the lamp-post was cleared and no

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windows were broken; and others saw how the whole complex movement of striving man, straining horses, rigid tree, and cumbrous wheel-work of timber carriage, ran together into curves in whose bewildering beauty the eye lost itself.

Of course the idle onlooker does not insist that every work in its doing shall be thus charming to the sense of sight. Appreciation is not limited to the vision: if only we may believe that it is well performed, the kneading of bread or the stoking of an engine will give pleasure to our artistic instincts. Seen, felt, heard, or only surmised, the suggestion of an adjustment between man and material will always gratify. Some tasks please us by their sound: the long-drawn rip of the pit-saw, the soft flap of the shovel in mixing mortar, are good to hear, so long as faith holds that these sounds are the accompaniment of a true adaptation: indeed the faith itself is enough, though neither sound nor sight contribute to its support. In fine, we—the idle onlookers—do not ask, we do not even care, that the workman should be scientific; but it is essential to our pleasure to believe his work inspired by our own artistic liking for fitness, and informed with enough primitive knowledge to secure it.

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THE TABOO IN POLITICS

WALTER LIPPMANN

OUR government has certainly not measured up to expectations. Even chronic admirers of the "balance" and "symmetry" of the constitution admit either by word or deed that it did not foresee the whole history of the American people. Poor bewildered statesmen, unused to any notion of change, have seen the national life grow to a monstrous confusion and sprout monstrous evils by the way. Men and women clamored for remedies, vowed, shouted and insisted that their "official servants" do something—something statesmanlike—to abate so much evident wrong. But their representatives had very little more than a frock coat and a slogan as equipment for the task. Trained to interpret the constitution instead of life, these statesmen faced with historic helplessness the vociferations of ministers, muckrakers, labor leaders, women's clubs, granges and reformers' leagues. Out of a tumultuous medley appeared the common theme of public opinion—that the leaders should lead, that the governors should govern.

The trusts had appeared, labor was restless, vice seemed to be corrupting the vitality of the nation. Statesmen had to do something. Their training was legal and therefore utterly inadequate, but it was all they had. They became panicky and reverted to an ancient superstition. They forbade the existence of evil by law. They made it anathema. They pronounced it damnable. They threatened to club it. They issued a legislative curse, and called upon the district attorney to do the rest. They started out to abolish human instincts, check economic tendencies and repress social changes by laws prohibiting them. They turned to this sanctified ignorance which is rampant in almost any nursery, which presides at family councils, flourishes among "reformers"; which from time immemorial has haunted legislatures and courts. Under the spell of it men try to stop drunkenness by closing the saloons; when poolrooms shock them they call a policeman; if Haywood becomes annoying, they pro-

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cure an injunction. They meet the evils of dance halls by barricading them; they go forth to battle against vice by raiding brothels and fining prostitutes. For trusts there is a Sherman Act. In spite of all experience they cling desperately to these superstitions.

It is the method of the taboo, as naïve as barbarism, as ancient as human failure.

There is a law against suicide. It is illegal for a man to kill himself. What it means in practice, of course, is that there is punishment waiting for a man who doesn't succeed in killing himself. We say to the man who is tired of life, that if he bungles we propose to make this world still less attractive by clapping him into jail. I know an economist who has a scheme for keeping down the population by refusing very poor people a marriage license. He used to teach Sunday school and deplore promiscuity. In the annual report of the president of a distilling company, I once saw the statement that business had increased in the " dry " States. In a prohibition town where I lived you could drink all you wanted by belonging to a " club " or winking at the druggist. And in another city where Sunday closing was strictly enforced, a minister told me with pained surprise that the Monday police blotter showed less " drunks " and more wife-beaters.

We pass a law against race-track gambling and add to the profits from faro. We raid the faro joints, and drive gambling into the home where poker and bridge whist are taught to children who follow their parents' example. We deprive anarchists of free speech by the heavy hand of a police magistrate, and furnish them with a practical instead of a theoretical argument against government. We answer strikes with bayonets and make treason one of the rights of men.

Everybody knows that when you close the dance halls, you fill the parks. Men who in their youth took part in " crusades " against the Tenderloin now admit in a crestfallen way that they succeeded merely in sprinkling the Tenderloin through the whole city. Over twenty years ago we formulated a sweeping taboo against trusts. Those same twenty years mark the centralization of industry.

The routineer in a panic turns to the taboo. Whatever does

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not fit into his rigid little scheme of things must have its head chopped off. Now human nature and the changing social forces it generates are the very material which fit least well into most little schemes of things. A man cannot sleep in his cradle: whatever is useful must in the nature of life become useless. We employ our instruments and abandon them. But nothing so simply true as that prevails in politics. When a government routine conflicts with the nation's purposes—the statesman actually makes a virtue of his loyalty to the routine. His practice is to ignore human character and pay no attention to social forces. The shallow presumption is that undomesticated impulses can be obliterated; that world-wide economic inventions can be stamped out by jailing millionaires, and acting like Mr. Chesterton's man Fipps, "who went mad and ran about the country with an axe, hacking branches off the trees whenever there were not the same number on both sides." The routineer is, of course, the first to decry every radical proposal as "against human nature." But the stand-pat mind has forfeited all right to speak for human nature. It has devoted the centuries to torturing men's instincts, stamping on them, passing laws against them, lifting its eyebrows at the thought of them—doing everything but trying to understand them. The same people who with daily insistence say that innovators ignore facts are in the absurd predicament of trying to still human wants with petty taboos. Social systems like ours which do not even feed and house men and women, which deny pleasure, cramp play, ban adventure, propose celibacy and grind out monotony, are a clear confession of sterility in statesmanship. And politics, however pretentiously rhetorical about ideals, is irrelevant if the only method it knows is to ostracize the desires it cannot manage.

Suppose that statesmen transferred their reverence from the precedents and mistakes of their ancestors to the human material which they have set out to govern. Suppose they looked mankind in the face and asked themselves what was the result of answering evil with a prohibition. Such an exercise would, I fear, involve a considerable strain on what reformers call their moral sensibilities. For human nature is a rather shocking affair if you come to it with ordinary romantic optimism. Cer-

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tainly the human nature that figures in most political thinking is a wraith that never was—not even in the souls of politicians. "Idealism" creates an abstraction and then shudders at a reality which does not answer to it. Now statesmen who have set out to deal with actual life must deal with actual people. They cannot afford an inclusive pessimism about mankind. Let them have the consistency and good sense to cease bothering about men if men's desires seem intrinsically evil. Moral judgment about the ultimate quality of character is dangerous to a politician. He is too constantly tempted to call a policeman when he disapproves.

We must study our failures. Gambling and drink, for example, produce much misery. But what reformers have to learn is that men don't gamble just for the sake of violating the law. They do so because something within them is satisfied by betting or drinking. To erect a ban doesn't stop the want. It merely prevents its satisfaction. And since this desire for stimulants or taking a chance at a prize is older and far more deeply rooted in the nature of men than love of the Prohibition party or reverence for laws made at Albany, people will contrive to drink and gamble in spite of the acts of a legislature.

A man may take liquor for a variety of reasons: he may be thirsty; or depressed; or unusually happy; he may want the companionship of a saloon, or he may hope to forget a scolding wife. Perhaps he needs a "bracer" in a weary hunt for a job. Perhaps he has a terrible craving for alcohol. He does not take a drink so that he may become an habitual drunkard, or be locked up in jail, or get into a brawl, or lose his job, or go insane. These are what he might call the unfortunate by-products of his desire. If once he could find something which would do for him what liquor does, without hurting him as liquor does, there would be no problem of drink. Bernard Shaw says he has found that substitute in going to church when there's no service. Goethe wrote *The Sorrows of Werther* in order to get rid of his own. Many an unhappy lover has found peace by expressing his misery in sonnet-form. The problem is to find something for the common man who is not interested in contemporary churches and who can't write sonnets.

When the socialists in Milwaukee began to experiment with

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municipal dances they were greeted with indignant protests from the " anti-vice " element and with amused contempt by the newspaper paragraphers. The dances were discontinued, and so the belief in their failure is complete. I think, though, that Mayor Seidel's defence would by itself make this experiment memorable. He admitted freely the worst that can be said against the ordinary dance hall. So far he was with the petty reformers. Then he pointed out with considerable vehemence that dance halls were an urgent social necessity. At that point he had transcended the mind of the petty reformer completely. " We propose," said Seidel, " to go into competition with the devil."

Nothing deeper has come from an American mayor in a long, long time. It is the point that Jane Addams makes in the opening pages of that wisely sweet book, *The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets*. She calls attention to the fact that the modern State has failed to provide for pleasure. " This stupid experiment," she writes, " of organizing work and failing to organize play has, of course, brought about a fine revenge. The love of pleasure will not be denied, and when it has turned into all sorts of malignant and vicious appetites, then we, the middle-aged, grow quite distracted and resort to all sorts of restrictive measures."

For human nature seems to have wants that must be filled. If nobody else supplies them, the devil will. The demand for pleasure, adventure, romance has been left to the devil's catering for so long a time that most people think he inspires the demand. He doesn't. Our neglect is the devil's opportunity. What we should use, we let him abuse, and the corruption of the best things, as Hume re-emphasized, produces the worst. Pleasure in our cities has become tied to lobster palaces, adventure to exalted murderers, romance to silly, mooning novels. Like the flower girl in Galsworthy's play, we have made a very considerable confusion of the life of joy and the joy of life. The first impulse is to abolish all lobster palaces, melodramas, yellow newspapers, and sentimentally erotic novels. Why not abolish all the devil's works? the reformer wonders. The answer is in history. It can't be done that way. It is impossible to abolish

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either with a law or an axe the desires of men. It is dangerous, explosively dangerous, to thwart them for any length of time. The Puritans tried to choke the craving for pleasure in early New England. They had no theatres, no dances, no festivals. They burned witches instead.

We rail a good deal against Tammany Hall. Reform tickets make periodic sallies against it, crying economy, efficiency, and a business administration. And we all pretend to be enormously surprised when the "ignorant foreign vote" prefers a corrupt political ring to a party of well-dressed, grammatical, and high-minded gentlemen. Some of us are even rather downcast about democracy because the Bowery doesn't take to heart the admonitions of *The Evening Post*.

We forget completely the important wants supplied by Tammany Hall. We forget that this is a lonely country for an immigrant and that the Statue of Liberty doesn't shed her light with too much warmth. Possessing nothing but a statistical, inhuman conception of government, the average municipal reformer looks down contemptuously upon a man like Tim Sullivan with his clambakes and his dances; his warm and friendly saloons, his handshaking and funeral-going and baby-christening; his readiness to get coal for the family, and a job for the husband. But a Tim Sullivan is closer to the heart of statesmanship than five City Clubs full of people who want low taxes and orderly bookkeeping. He does things which have to be done. He humanizes a strange country; he is a friend at court; he represents the legitimate kindliness of government, standing between the poor and the impersonal, uninviting majesty of the law. Let no man wonder that Lorimer's people do not prefer an efficiency expert, that Tim Sullivan has power, or that men are loyal to Hinky Dink. The cry raised against these men by the average reformer is a piece of cold, unreal, preposterous idealism compared to the solid warm facts of kindliness, clothes, food and fun.

You cannot beat the bosses with the reformer's taboo. You will not get far on the Bowery with the cost unit system and low taxes. And I don't blame the Bowery. You can beat Tammany Hall permanently in one way—by making the government

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of a city as human, as kindly, as jolly as Tammany Hall. I am aware of the contract-grafts, the franchise-steals, the dirty streets, the bribing and the blackmail, the vice-and-crime partnerships, the Big Business alliances of Tammany Hall. And yet it seems to me that Tammany has a better perception of human need, and comes nearer to being what a government should be, than any scheme yet proposed by a group of "uptown good government" enthusiasts. Tammany is not a satanic instrument of deception, cleverly devised to thwart "the will of the people." It is a crude and largely unconscious answer to certain immediate needs, and without those needs its power would crumble. It is a poor weed compared to what government might be. But it is a real government that has power and serves a want, and not a frame imposed upon men from on top.

The taboo—the merely negative law—is the emptiest of all the impositions from on top. In its long record of failure, in the comparative success of Tammany, those who are aiming at social changes can see a profound lesson: the impulses, cravings and wants of men must be employed; you can employ them well or ill, but you must employ them. A group of reformers lounging at a club cannot, dare not, decide to close up another man's club because it is called a saloon. Unless the reformer can invent something which substitutes attractive virtues for attractive vices, he will fail. He will fail because human nature abhors the vacuum created by the taboo.

An incident in the international peace propaganda illuminates this point. Not long ago a meeting in Carnegie Hall, New York, to forward peace among nations, broke up in great disorder. Thousands of people who hate the waste and futility of war as much as any of the orators of that evening were filled with an unholy glee. They chuckled with delight at the idea of a riot in a peace meeting. Though it would have seemed perverse to the ordinary pacificist, this sentiment sprang from a respectable source. It had the same ground as the instinctive feeling of nine men in ten that Roosevelt has more right to talk about peace than William Howard Taft. James made it articulate in his essay on "The Moral Equivalent of War." James was a great advocate of peace, but he understood Theodore Roosevelt, and

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he spoke for the military man when he wrote of war that: "Its 'horrors' are a cheap price to pay for rescue from the only alternative supposed, of a world of clerks and teachers, of co-education and zoöphily, of 'consumers' leagues' and 'associated charities,' of industrialism unlimited, and feminism unabashed. No scorn, no hardness, no valor any more! Fie upon such a cattle-yard of a planet!"

And he added: "So far as the central essence of this feeling goes, no healthy minded person, it seems to me, can help to some degree partaking of it. Militarism is the great preserver of our ideals of hardihood, and human life with no use for hardihood would be contemptible. Without risks or prizes for the darer, history would be insipid indeed; and there is a type of military character which everyone feels that the race should never cease to breed, for everyone is sensitive to its superiority."

So William James proposed not the abolition of war, but a moral equivalent for it. He dreamed of "a conscription of the whole youthful population to form for a certain number of years a part of the army enlisted against *Nature*. . . . The military ideals of hardihood and discipline would be wrought into the growing fibre of the people; no one would remain blind, as the luxurious classes now are blind, to man's relations to the globe he lives on, and to the permanently sour and hard foundations of his higher life." Now we are not concerned here over the question of this particular proposal. The telling point in my opinion is this: that when a wise man, a student of human nature, and a reformer met in the same person, the taboo was abandoned. James has given us an enduring phrase when he speaks of the "moral equivalent" of evil. We can use it, I believe, as a guide post to statesmanship. Rightly understood, the idea behind the words contains all that is valuable in conservatism, and, for the first time, gives a reputable meaning to that tortured epithet "constructive."

"The military feelings," says James, "are too deeply grounded to abdicate their place among our ideals until better substitutes are offered. . . . Such a conscription, with the state of public opinion that would have required it, and the many

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moral fruits it would bear, would preserve in the midst of a pacific civilization the manly virtues which the military party is so afraid of seeing disappear in peace. . . . So far, war has been the only force that can discipline a whole community, and until an equivalent discipline is organized, I believe that war must have its way. But I have no serious doubt that the ordinary prides and shames of social man, once developed to a certain intensity, are capable of organizing such a moral equivalent as I have sketched, or some other just as effective for preserving manliness of type. It is but a question of time, of skilful propagandism, and of opinion-making men seizing historic opportunities. The martial type of character can be bred without war."

To find for evil its moral equivalent is to be conservative about values and radical about forms, to turn to the establishment of positively good things instead of trying simply to check bad ones, to emphasize the additions to life, instead of the restrictions upon it, to substitute, if you like, the love of heaven for the fear of hell. Such a programme means the dignified utilization of the whole nature of man. It will recognize as the first test of all political systems and moral codes whether or not they are "against human nature." It will insist that they be cut to fit the whole man, not merely a part of him. For there are utopian proposals made every day which cover about as much of a human being as a beautiful hat does.

Instead of tabooing our impulses, we must redirect them. Instead of trying to crush badness we must turn the power behind it to good account. The assumption is that every lust is capable of some civilized expression.

We say, in effect, that evil is a way by which desire expresses itself. The older moralists, the taboo philosophers believed that the desires themselves were inherently evil. To us they are the energies of the soul, neither good nor bad in themselves. Like dynamite, they are capable of all sorts of uses, and it is the business of civilization, through the family and the school, religion, art, science, and all institutions, to transmute these energies into fine values. Behind evil there is power, and it is folly,—wasting and disappointing folly,—to ignore this power

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because it has found an evil issue. All that is dynamic in human character is in these rooted lusts. The great error of the taboo has been just this: that it believed each desire had only one expression, that if that expression was evil, the desire itself was evil. We know a little better to-day. We know that it is possible to harness desire to many interests, that evil is one form of a desire, and not the nature of it.

This supplies us with a standard for judging reforms, and so makes clear what "constructive" action really is. When it was discovered recently that the boys' gang was not an unmitigated nuisance to be chased by a policeman, but a force that could be made valuable to civilization through the Boy Scouts, a really constructive reform was given to the world. The effervescence of boys on the street, wasted and perverted through neglect or persecution, was drained and applied to fine uses. When Percy MacKaye pleads for pageants in which the people themselves participate, he offers an opportunity for expressing some of the lusts of the city in the form of an art. The Freudian school of psychologists call this "sublimation." They have brought forward a wealth of material which gives us every reason to believe that the theory of "moral equivalents" is soundly based, that much the same energies produce crime and civilization, art, vice, insanity, love, lust, and religion. In each individual the original differences are small. Training and opportunity decide in the main how men's lusts shall emerge. Left to themselves, or ignorantly tabooed, they break forth in some barbaric or morbid form. Only by supplying our passions with civilized interests can we escape their destructive force.

I have put it negatively, as a counsel of prudence. But he who has the courage of existence will put it triumphantly, crying "yea" as Nietzsche did, and recognizing that all the passions of men are the motive powers of a fine life.

For the roads that lead to heaven and hell are one until they part.

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EMPTY CHURCHES

A Phase of the Religious Question in England

COSMO HAMILTON

FRANCE has no religion, but full churches. England has an established religion, but empty churches.

Why? Is it because in England the people have grown so arrogant and vain that they no longer need the solace and the inspiration of religion, that they have become so undisciplined and mentally slipshod as to neglect and disregard all that makes a call upon their time and requires that they shall subject themselves to two hours a week of passive irritability? (Oh, that dull sermon!) Is the once strong Englishman now so much a bundle of nerves that he cannot face intoning voices and the academic manner; so unruly that he will not put himself to the trouble of donning respectable clothes on the seventh day, having worn them with a sense of irksomeness all the other six? Or is he collectively a free-thinker, an agnostic? Has he done with the discipline, the law, the yoke, the indissoluble engagement that is Religion?

The fact is indisputable that our churches in England, except those of the big towns that are freakish and sensational, are empty, and the reason lies not with the people but with the clergymen.

It is true that there is a spreading and deep-seated spirit of revolt abroad against discipline, law and order, and the subjection of self. It is true that there are strong and poisonous elements at work to undermine the old belief and to put anarchy in its place. It is true, too, that what began among parents and teachers as an easy tolerance has in the new generation developed into an apparently ineradicable lack of responsibility. Religion is, however, a fire which example keeps alive and which goes out if not communicated. It *is* communicated, but I hold that it is not humanly and inspiringly communicated and that our clergymen are alone responsible for their empty churches.

I do not suggest or believe that as a body the clergymen of the

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Established Church are not good and honorable men, deeply imbued with religious feeling, leading noble and self-sacrificing lives, struggling daily and hourly to instil belief into the inattentive people of their ever-growing parishes. Far from it. There are no more intellectual, earnest and excellent men in all the land than those who devote their lives to the service of the Church. What I hold is that they are not for the most part gifted with that peculiar power of leadership, that unexplainable touch of magnetism, that delightful and all-conquering bonhomie, fellowship, brotherliness and unselfconscious humanity that win hearts and open doors and attract magnet-wise all who come into their atmosphere. In other words, they are men intellectually capable, but temperamentally incapable, of filling their churches.

They are, in fact, not selected. Something more, far more, is required of a clergyman than intellectual ability, the successful passing of necessary examinations. Something more is required even than vocation. But there is, it is obvious, no selection. Bishops ordain men who desire to take holy orders. They do not turn them back if they are in doubt as to their temperamental gifts. They cannot, because there are so many clergymen who are fitted only to be book-worms and students and whose knowledge of all things except humanity is wide. Examination in theology comes before examination into the ability to lead. The one is as necessary as the other. Religion lies more in walk than in talk.

No boy can enter into his preparation for the navy who is not passed by the board of selection. He stands, a lisping youngster, before a row of admirals who judge whether he is not only physically but mentally fitted for the life of the sea. He may be a splendid little fellow, bright, honest, fearless, brave, but he is put back if there are not detected in him, so far as it is possible, just those peculiar qualities which are held to be necessary in the lad who is to become a naval officer. With the men who are to carry on a grander, a more useful, and a far less well-rewarded life than that of the sailor there is no such careful and important a judgment. Bishops are so anxious to supply the Church with servants that they forget the very needs of the Church herself,—or else they do not know.

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Religion is not a dogma, nor an emotion, but a service. Men do not stand in need of dogma, nor can they be fired by an emotion which finds no echoing words. No man can serve God who does not understand how to serve man. And man is a peculiar creature and to-day he lives in peculiar times. You cannot force religion into him any more than you can force a horse to drink. He has to be won. He will not be driven or argued. He will nearly always meet half way, for deep down in the souls of most men with eyes and hearts there is the desire, however latent, to worship. But he asks for common-sense. He needs the human, brotherly touch. He requires simplicity, the direct appeal. He will follow a man into church where he will not even be led to the gate by a brain.

To-day there is too much brain, and there are too few men. There is, indeed, so much brain that even the man who conforms but who happens to enter a parish other than his own may find himself puzzled as to what he believes. The lack of selection is so wide in its effect that not only are men admitted into holy orders who are physically and temperamentally unfitted but whose very dogma is not that of the Church herself! I ask what sort of selection it is that can permit of a dozen interpretations of one truth? It is now not only possible to go into ten parish churches and find the established religion served in ten different ways, but it is impossible not to do so. There is therefore not only no selection of the man, but no government of the Church. No wonder that churches are empty.

One has only to go through the country with an open eye to see the ineptitude, the inanity into which the Church has fallen. Everywhere there are churches, old and new. Everywhere there are clergymen, old and young. The former are neglected, the latter without influence. The religion is different, the men are different, and there is no master. There is no man of fixed belief, of overwhelming moral strength, who stands at the head of all clergymen, to select, to govern, to inspire. How can a religion be established that is half a dozen religions? How can a Church influence that has a dozen masters of different dogmas? How can the country be won by men who do not understand men?

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It is indeed pitiful to see the vain struggles of clergymen all over the country to make an entry into the homes and hearts of their parishioners. It is pathetic to find noble and earnest but wholly unsuitable men holding services in a church the only two worshippers in which are a wife and a maidservant. In their villages and parishes there are clergymen who are of no more account than the stranger at the inn or the foreigner at the hotel. The little father of the wilderness,—where is he? The Kingsley of the slums, of the cricket field, of the sing songs, of the harvest dinner, of the death-bed,—where is he? He is not. In his place there are shy, conventional, nervous, excellent men without one ounce of the flare, the boyishness, the breeze and cheeriness, the great gift of comradeship, the splendid unconventionality that makes the leader. There are men of learning and theory who instead of being employed as the executive of the Church or her organs, where they would be of inestimable use, are wasting their lives in active work, achieving nothing, and never once blowing up the spark that is latent in the hearts of men and women. The churches are cold, cold as ice.

And all the while there are men at both the leading universities and elsewhere who, if caught up and captured by a Jowett, or a Manning, or a Wesley, or an Arnold, would go forth throughout the land of empty churches and fill them with glad creatures who are waiting listlessly to be enthused and to grasp a warm, strong, simple, honest and human hand, to look up to the parson as the friend, the brother, who brings optimism in his constant presence and the love of God in his smile.

Religion, poetry is not dead; it will never die. Its dwelling and birthplace is in the soul of men and it is eternal as the being of man. In any point of space, in any section of time, let there be a living man and there is an infinitude above him and an eternity encompasses him on this hand and that, and tones of sphere-music and tidings from loftier worlds will float around him if he can but listen, and visit him with holy influence even in the thickest press of trivialities or the din of busiest life.

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THE GIRL WHO WENT TO AILEY

ARTHUR STRINGER

I MIND the day she went wid him,
Wid all her big and frightened eyes,
The day wid all the tears and bells
And all the laughin' and good-byes.

I mind how white and shmall she stood,
Beside that glowerin', towerin' man,
Wid all his Ailey twists av tongue
And furrin-lookin' coat av tan.

But faith, he took her off wid him
Beyont his leagues av brine and rack;
And wid her seemed to go the sun;
And niver word nor sign came back.

(Och, such a wishtful eye she had,
And such a slow and meltin' shmile,
Ye'd carry off the thought av her
To lighten up your longest mile!)

But tales they told av how she pined
To see the hills av home again,
To see the bogland and the whin,
The Arran wathers soft wid rain.

And me it was they pressed to go,
Aye, me, av all the whisperin' glen,
To seek her out and send some word
From that gray isle av glowerin' men.

(Still mindin' that, in other days,
The two av us had passed a word
When I was bold as any blade
And she was light as any bird!)

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So off I set betimes, to where
The windy Isles av Ailey lay,
The worn and bitther Ailey rocks
That seemed a weary world away.

And white she went when face to face
I met her where the kelp-smoke curled
Along those wind-swept Ailey reefs
That stood in truth another world.

And fair destroyed I was to think
Av her who loved a laughin' face,
And laughin' hearts, and laughin' ways,
In such a lone and ghastly place!

And och, the wishtful eyes av her
Across the sea-mist as she spoke,
And like a white ghost questioned me
Av home and all the Arran folk!

"I'll ne'er win back—I'll ne'er win back!"
Sez she without a shmile or tear.
"Me husband is an Ailey man,
And Ailey men," sez she, "is queer!"

"But does he treat ye good?" sez I,
And faith, her face was like a mask.
"He treats me just," she slowly said;
"He gives me all that wan could ask!"

And pale she was and proud she was;
"And must I tell thim that?" sez I.
"O, back in Arran tell thim that,
And speak me kindly!" was her cry.

Then out to me her white hands went,
And on me breast, before I knew
Or saw at all, she sobbed and cried:
"Me heart, me heart, 'tis broke in two!"

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And when she, faith, could weep no more,
She kissed me wid no shame nor fear.
" O, how this heart av mine," sez she,
" Has ached for you and Arran here!

" And this, me Thrue Love, now I tell,
For back to Arran ye must go
And speak me proud—but O, me Love,
'Tis only us shall iver know!"

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COPPER MOUNTAIN

[*Alaska*]

EDWIN DAVIES SCHOONMAKER

I HEARD in the years that are gone, when the land was a silent thing,
A voice on the plains far off and a step in the streams,
And my pulse was the pulse of a girl that is still with a questioning,
"Can it be? Hath he come? Is it he?" And my heart was a builder of dreams.

And I watched with a hope long long for the skies to divide in the South,
And my fear went out to the rivers that whisper the sea.
For I was an hungered, my lord, for the kiss of thy mouth,
And weary of watching and waiting the ages for thee.

I had peered down the track of the Spring till the winds of the North had whipped round.
I had hearkened the desolate woods till my heart was an ache.
Not the gleam of a face, not the dip of an oar, not a step, not a sound
Save the whir of a wing from the crag or the crackle of beast in the brake.

Crush me close, O master of mountains! Give me life! Lay me low!
Drink deep with the passionate mouth of the furnace my wine.
Loose the virginal robe of my trees, unclasp my girdle of snow.
I am lorn for the laughter of children, O lover of mine.

String me out o'er the tundras in threads. Let me thrill with the song of the world.
Bid the lightning to trellis in lamps over valleys a-ring.
Let the roar be around me, the splash of the steamer, the car that is whirled.
Roll up as a blanket my silence. Embrace me, O King!

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SEA-CHILD

HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

THERE'S a music comes to me by night
When the wind goes walking in the trees
Stirs the unforgotten, old delight,
Sets my pulse to vanished harmonies:—
Fade these mighty mountains like a mist,
Melting mirage-like, and surging far,
Spreads the gray-green ocean in its glory,
Moving wide from star to solemn star.

Once again I venture in star-shine
On that trackless pathway of the waves,
On my lips a savor sharp as brine,
In my ears an echo from sea-caves.
O, once more I am the great sea's lover,
Wrapped in singing splendor of her life,
Song myself, and mad with the old passion,
Strife within the rapture of her strife!

Then again the mountains tower and loom,
Hushed in dim communion with the sky.
Shrouds me close the cañon's silent gloom,
Round me rocks like couchant monsters lie.
The dark spruces cease to stir and whisper
At the restless turning of the breeze;—
But, as I, the stillness listens, yearning
With a ghostly memory of lost seas.

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LOVE'S CONSTANCY

CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

SHE is not meant for thee, thou canst but love her;
And thou canst starve for want of her and take
Thy pleasure in slight service for her sake.
Tho' she be far from thee as heavens above her,
Still thou canst love her.

Thou hast this life to live thy perfect bliss;
One little time to serve thy soul's desire.
Still—tho' thy thoughts be flames, thy heart a fire,
Thou canst not shape another way than this
Nor know forgetfulness.

Thou canst not linger always; better so;
Thy ways are cast a thousand worlds apart.
Were all the tears in all these worlds thy heart,
And all their cumulative woe thy woe,
She would not know.

Thou shalt live out all sudden, swift dismays,
And all old days and dreams shall come to be
As a song sung over an evening sea,
Sung as of winds breathed out and gone their ways
Softly, these many days.

And all thy waking thoughts shall be of her,
And thou shalt welcome sleep and dread each morn
And rise and wander heart-sick and forlorn;
Thy ways as vague and vain as heavens above her.
Still thou canst love her.

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THE MAN-MADE WOMAN OF JAPAN

MARIAN COX

IT has become the fashion to look upon Japan as the great land of promise in the East. She is expected to furnish the link of civilization and understanding between the East and the West. She is a self-elected world's crucible. Her most radical admirers assert that in this land of the Rising Sun is to be created the new religion for which the world waits, a sort of re-orientalized Christianity uniting the best from the oriental and occidental mind and heart, japanned by modern science; and her detractors can only say that she has stolen her arts from China, her learning from Korea, her constitution from Germany, her naval system from Britain, her Code Napoléon from France, her industrialism from America—and so is a kind of mental pickpocket amid the family of nations.

The Chinese have given the Japanese a contemptuous name —Lie Europeans; the English call them the Yankees of Asia, since encountering the new enterprise and competition of the Japanese in the far eastern trade; and altogether we find these little men of Dai Nippon presenting to the world the astounding phenomenon of being the first oriental people who have ever opened their minds to alien civilizations with an appetite for assimilation.

To what will it lead? Illimitable vistas of world's change open at the surmise. Three-quarters or more of the earth's population consists of the yellow races. And if our modern democratic principles have the might of right in them and the rule of the majority must prevail in the future, the realization is inevitable that the nature and ideas of these people are of more consequence than our own. The source of every race is in its mothers. Man, like water, never rises higher than his source. For the enlightened westerner the great interest in Japan to-day is its women.

The easiest way to arrive at a conception of the Japanese woman is to think of every quality directly contrary to the qualities of the typical American woman and to see her as the em-

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bodiment of these. She is as docile as the American woman is aggressive, as demure as the American is flamboyant, as modest as the American is impudent, as humble as the American is snobbish, as conservative as the American is faddish, as reticent as the American is effusive. In fact, in the Japanese we find the commonly expressed masculine ideal of woman more wholly realized than anywhere else in the world. To the truth of this every male author and globe-trotter has testified with intemperate eulogies.

The Japanese woman is a superlative realization of what man, even the occidental, professes to admire; and in this day when the threat of woman-suffrage has made men threaten women with the loss of their admiration, of chivalry and the much-vaunted privileges of the sex, it becomes worth while to study what the antithesis of the suffragette, the embodiment of man-made femininity, has been accorded in admiration, chivalry and privileges from the megaphone sex.

The woman of Japan is as much the product of the man as is its art. In her, as in Japanese art, we see the beauty of a simplicity that does not issue from truth, but from irregularity. She is a paradox of naïveté and artificiality. In her is consummated that complex craft whose final effect is artlessness. A Japanese artist will spend a lifetime learning to paint a paper kakemona with a half-dozen strokes of his brush. Keinen, perhaps the greatest living artist in Japan to-day, will take seven years to fulfil the order for a picture that takes but a day to paint. Thus these people have won for their art the description —great in little things and little in great things. They are in love with the grandiose, but depict it as the microscopic. The Japanese is a nature worshipper like the ancient Greek, but like him also he ends in anti-nature. The trees of his country mean so much to the Japanese that he has their changes and progress daily recorded in his newspapers under the heading, News of the Trees; thefts of trees sometimes occur; and the people will travel immense distances to see the cherry trees and the iris fields in bloom; yet the Japanese as a gardener cares only to develop dwarfs, fantasies and freaks of horticulture. Another instance of his perversity of taste is that the favorite subject of

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the Japanese artist is tigers. Everywhere one finds them depicted—from the shoji of the Nijo Palace to the little curio-shops on the Benton-Dori. I inquired of a picture dealer in Yokohama the why and wherefore of this artist's favorite and was told it was " because there are no tigers in Japan." In other characteristics besides his love for the impossible, the Japanese resembles the Greek. He has at once the soft wickedness of a highly cultivated æstheticism and the Spartan's austerity, great power of endurance and self-discipline. Like the Greeks, too, the Japanese teach their wives only virtues without accomplishments, and leave them to their own and their children's society, while the chosen companionship of the men is among the women to whom they teach the accomplishments without the virtues.

From this we can gather some hint of the masculine psychology which has created the Japanese woman as she is.

She is an epitome of her nation's virtues. From the highest to the lowest, from the Empress to the yujo of the Yoshiwara, we find some unparalleled virtue in the Japanese woman. In the Dowager-Empress we find the extreme of the conjugal virtues; did she not mother all the illegitimate children of her royal spouse, Mutsuhito, and smile complaisance upon his concubines? And in the unfortunate of the Yoshiwara we find the extreme of that filial piety, the great virtue of Japan, which makes her willing to become a lotos in the mud—as the famous writer and beautiful oiran Murasaki named her—for the benefit of her parents.

Almost everything we see in Japan can be more or less traced to some carefully inculcated trait of its women. The impressionability and obsequiousness of its men doubtless issue from the supineness of its women; their subtle streak of treachery which makes them so unreliable as merchants and servants in other lands, may issue from the sex-servility of their mothers, for the enslaved mind ever subtilizes and revenges itself in two-facedness; their blood-thirstiness which so horrified the world in their treatment of the Chinese at Port Arthur, might have its root in that deep frenzy of the elemental which clots itself within the baffled woman-nature, but which seems to have no manifestation in the winsome meek woman of Japan until per-

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chance she becomes a mother-in-law. But we must remember that the Tokugawa period was famed for its women warriors; the museums are filled with the swords, longer and heavier than those of the men-soldiers, which were borne by them; and the women of the Samurai carried out its ferocious code of heroics as sternly as the men.

The millennium is expected to come when the meek inherit the earth. The Japanese people have adopted the appearance of meekness as one of their distinctions. According to their social canons, a man must disclaim all merit in himself or his, must eschew all ostentation, must be eager to die for his emperor —and even has no personal pronouns or swear words in his language; and yet we find that this too obvious humility really covers such an intolerant arrogance and vanity that even the school children are taught that "to be laughed at" is the most fearful thing that can happen to them. In the days of the Samurai when a nobleman wished to guarantee the payment of a borrowed sum, he affixed to his note the permission to be laughed at in public in case he failed to pay. Behind the man's meekness we thus find an exaggerated egotism and sensitiveness to criticism. And behind the woman's meekness, what do we find?

The mystery of woman's meekness is the mystery of mysteries in Japan. It is true her lot far transcends what it is in all other oriental nations, and her chief injury at man's hands seems to be simply that he has succeeded in making her so good that she is powerless to influence him to any good—not even into inventing a Japanese word to describe gallantry or chivalry to woman. She has been made to accept the doctrine of her perpetual obedience: obedience to father as a daughter, obedience to husband as a wife, obedience to eldest son as a widow. For two hundred years her conduct has been founded upon the teachings of the sage, Kaibara, who laid down the law for her in the Onna Daigaku. In this venerated document the virtues befitting woman are defined as—obedience, first and foremost, chastity, mercy, quietness and self-sacrifice; and her worst vice—jealousy: a natural choice of the qualities for woman in a country where a man limits the number of his wives only by the limits of his purse. It makes duty her sole honor, and self-extinction her

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supreme glory. Her *raison d'être* and mission in life are explained as—enlivening her husband's life, bearing children for him, and in waiting upon her husband's mother and relations. And lest she might bear the palling demeanor of the martyr, the most annoying of all demeanors to men, she has been disciplined to conceal every emotion that might be displeasing to others and is taught from her babyhood the heroism of smiles and the noble ingratiation of pretty bows. The Bushido code tells her also "do not sadden others by intruding your personal grief upon them." It has happened, therefore, that the Japanese woman has fully developed the trait most charming to men in women: reticence; reticence to the very obliteration of her personal woes and desires. To insure this accommodating principle in woman still further, he made talkativeness one of the causes for divorce from her. After such a triumphant creation of goodness for his womankind, it does seem ungallant of him to have made all the goddesses in Japan of an evil countenance and disposition.

We can read the character and domestic history of the Japanese in their divorce laws. Before the New Civil Code (adopted in 1893) divorce was only granted to the husband. The seven causes for which a man could divorce his wife were: disobedience, barrenness, disease, jealousy, lewdness, stealing and talking too much; in other words, simply if he wanted to be rid of her. As under the Mosaic law divorce was invented for the benefit of the man, neither law nor public opinion in Japan allowed to the wife even the right to desire a divorce. Besides she was taught from infancy the popular precepts of her country that "all women shall think their husbands to be heaven" and "woman has no home in the three worlds—past, present and future";—so she was grateful to her honorable master when he gave her the shelter of his little paper house, and when he bade her leave it to make room for a new occupant, she blamed only herself for failure to please him. The Japanese are accustomed to saying that gratitude is one of the strongest traits of their race. In order to divorce his wife all the husband need do was to write her a letter notifying her of the fact—the Mikoudarihan, literally three lines and a half—and the thing

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was *ipso facto* done. The children were always his exclusive property; and he did not have to make any provision for the poor little divorcee. One wonders what became of her in a country where only the lower class woman can be self-supporting and the families are so eager to be rid of the expense of their daughters and loath to take back one whom divorce has marked undesirable. But some one has written that she always remarried, "presumably because some friend of her husband's has noticed that she was not so black as her mother-in-law painted her."

The Japanese claim with pride that the new Civil Code has placed their women upon an equality with men—as in western nations—by at last granting the right of divorce to the wife. Their idea of equality is illuminating.

The wife can now get a divorce for various causes and by mutual consent (which would be denied in America as "collusion"), but she cannot get a divorce for the adultery of her husband, which is the chief and often the only cause in western civilizations. But in Japanese law a married man commits adultery only when his paramour is married also, thus considering only the injury to the other man, but the wife is guilty of adultery whether or not her paramour is married: the same law that exists in other civilizations. The framers of the New Code also laid down that "a person who is judicially divorced or punished because of adultery cannot contract a marriage with the other party to the adultery." Since the husband cannot be divorced for adultery, this applies solely to the wife and constitutes both a modern punishment for her and a protection for the other man. In former days the law of Japan punished the adultery of the wife by crucifixion or by decapitation and exposure of the head; or else, for the sake of independence and variety, her husband might take her to a place similar to one shown to tourists at Kyoto, a precipice near the Kiomidzu temple where it was the manly old custom of husbands to give their wives the benefit of the doubt by hurling them to the rocky depths below as a test of their possible innocence: if the wife survived the fall, she was vindicated; if not, her guilt was avenged. But the Samurai class substituted for the barbarous physical punishment the more re-

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fined and up-to-date torture of a moral one. When a woman of noble birth erred she was sent to the Yoshiwara for a term of three to five years; which was considered an exemplary vindication of the family honor. There are many stories also of Samurai women who have voluntarily sold away their liberty to the same penal colony in order to give their husbands or fathers the means to purchase weapons or armor in times of warfare.

The Japanese women have not shown much disposition to avail themselves of their modern right of divorce, and for several good reasons; chiefly because the children still belong to the father, unless given her by the State with his consent. And children have ever been the weighty anchorage of woman. In Japan a woman possesses no legal right to her child, but the husband has the right to repudiate even his legal child. A son is not legally recognized unless he is registered by his father, while also his illegitimate child is recognized as a true son if he is so registered. "There is always a tacit recognition of a father's right to decline the gift which Heaven has bestowed on him, and a new-born babe is still formally presented to his father for acceptance. In old days unless the new-born child was laid at his father's feet, the father could refuse to take it, and the child was then exposed to die in a bamboo grove, as the proverb says."

There is one divorce to every three marriages in Japan and only one per cent. of the divorces have been sought by the wives. Another reason for this is that public opinion still penalizes the woman who will not submit to everything from her husband. When a Japanese woman is the plaintiff in a divorce suit, she loses social position or respectability; but if she is the defendant she loses nothing but a bad husband and retains a good chance of getting another one. So love for her children and the social ban of sex are serving to keep the Japanese woman as effectually bound to-day as she was formerly bound by the Confucian social and official order.

In America at present we are hearing much against the facility of divorce in our country, and the opponents of "woman's rights" attribute our domestic disasters to the emancipated ideas of the American women. But here in Japan, we see a land

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of subject women—"*fille, on nous supprime; femme, on nous opprime*"—and yet divorces are far more common and easier to be had here than in America. This should be a sufficient answer to those tiraders who make woman responsible for every wrong on earth at the same time that they deny her every right to be or act as herself.

There are a half million less women than men in Japan, but the minority has not enhanced the value of woman nor opened to her any of the advantages it is supposed to have procured for the sex in some of the western States of America. Marriage is still the sole business of a woman's life in Japan. If she is not married before she is twenty, she is disgraced socially. She is given no chance to develop ambition, and is rarely allowed to finish her school course before she is married by her parents, who are eager to get her married as early as possible. That she might develop some of the ambition of her brother if given the chance, seems possible, when we learn from Miss Bacon, an authority on Japanese girls and women, that "in some cases the breaking down of a girl's health may be traced to threats on the part of her parents that if she does not take a certain rank in her studies, she will be taken from school and married off." The husband is selected for her by her parents and she is given no dowry, but is given as complete a trousseau as her family can afford. The trousseau of the bride is supposed to last her all her life, or at least to comprise all those clothes and household articles which she will need during the next two or three years, in order that she will not have to ask her husband for money. When the wife's stealing is one of the causes for her divorce, doubtless this little spouse never dares go through the pockets of her lordly husband's hikama while he lies oblivious upon his *futon* on the ground; and one wonders where she finds the *yen* and *sen* to spend for the mysterious contents of the little dressing case which every Japanese woman carries hidden in her big pagoda sleeve.

Marriage is a civil contract and merely requires registration; but certain time-honored rites are observed in a properly conducted wedding. The bride must be dressed in white, the color of death-garments, to signify that she is dead to her family; and

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purification fires are lit at her parents' home upon her departure. She is lifted over a fire at the threshold of her home and the momentary nearness of the little bride to the flames of destruction makes one glad that the etiquette of her country allows her to escape them, unlike her neighbor the Indian woman for whom man invented the finishing etiquette of suttee. After this the bride is taken to her husband's home where she changes her dress for one of a livelier hue and drinks with him three times three little cups of saké, which concludes the marriage ceremonies. Until the Empress Haruko refused to submit to the fashion, a woman blackened her teeth when she became a wife and shaved her eyebrows at the birth of her first child. Whoever has seen a little Japanese thus disfigured (and there are many provincial and middle-aged women who still adhere to the old fashion) can no longer blame the husbands for their habit of divorce. Yet it all originated in the desire to please him; thus sacrificing the wife's attractiveness upon the connubial altar in order to exorcise forevermore the green-eyed monster from his soul.

Delivered over to her honorable master, what an extraordinary little wife the slit-eyed, doll-like, little mousmé becomes! No wonder Sir Edwin Arnold, Lafcadio Hearn, Pierre Loti, and so many lesser lights have sought their feminine ideal in a Madame Chrysanthème among them. The life of a Japanese wife is all incense, flowers, prayers and smiles offered up to the god—man. But it is the Japanese *lady* who makes the ideal wife. The woman of the lower classes is often quite exceptional in her deviations from domestic rule. She often seeks a divorce —like a man—because she can earn her own living, and so is ceded the tacit right to a choice in the man she may support with her earnings, and also because she does not have to fear that *bête noire,* social position, which the lady must lose if she is the petitioner for divorce. It is well known that the working woman in Japan receives far more consideration than the woman of the upper classes. And really it is not the woman who coals the vessels in the harbor of Nagasaki who deserves the foreigner's sympathy (so generously and ignorantly lavished upon her) for she is the freest woman in Japan; but it is the undowered lady and wife, and the little beflowered maiko and geisha who ceases

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to paint and rice powder her face and calls herself old at twenty, and the poor little slave of the Yoshiwara who sits in her cage, disgraced, with her obi tied in front, sold by parents and master: —the toy women, the subject women, the women earning their living through sex, whether as prostitute or as wife and mother, these are the women whose lot is to be pitied in Japan.

Nevertheless the Japanese woman is a merry little creature who seems to hold forever inviolate in her memory the treasure of her happy, sexless childhood. Something of the dainty creatures with which she played as a child—butterflies, fireflies, dragon flies—seem to have left their spirit within her own, for it is full of their harmonious consent to the lights and darks in her wee garden of life, and her winged ignorance is never troubled to query as to the shape of the earth nor saddened by knowing that men once gave up their lives to prove that it was round. Discontented woman seems to be chiefly the product of America where she is treated more like an individual and human being than anywhere else in the world. In Japan, she has uttered no complaints; she has never dreamed of politics or of interfering in man's star-chamber methods of laying down the law for her, and the blue-stocking women here have even organized societies "to resist the invasion of Christian institutions that would relieve them from oppression," very much as some of our advanced club-women have organized anti-suffrage parties in America.

She is so charming, this little Nipponese wife, who has dolls strapped to her back when she is a baby in order that she grow used to her future burdens in the jolliest way—and wears her jet hair in the oddest top-knot, as a proof to all men when she is married—and when dressed in her best is tied in at the knees so that she may not seem to walk in unwomanly freedom—and walks in pattering clogs with her toes turned in as far as possible, the fashionable walk in Japan, since men said it showed "modesty" in women and so started the fashion—and wears her sleeves so long—"long to dry her tears with," as a poet once said—and lays her head in the air at night and her neck on a guillotine-like pillow, and knows the allegorical meaning of flowers and the solemn tea-ceremony and how to smoke from a

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tiny pipe that holds but three whiffs, and a répertoire of kow-towing and salutations, and can play on the samisen and count sums on the abacus, and has glances and hisses like a little cat, and can do all the cute, sweet, quaintly silly, childish and affected things which appeal to men except one, the most popular feminine accomplishment in the west—to kiss. This the Japanese man has never taught her, nor had any impulse to do himself; so they never miss it in their home; and she makes for him such a perfect little home according to all his standards, that it becomes incomprehensible why the Japanese husband is said to be a born club-man; and like the French, not even to have the word for home in his vocabulary. Surely he has everything exactly as he wishes at home; why then does he constantly desert home for club and tea-house, and his good little wife for that "dainty iniquity," the geisha, as Kipling calls her, or for worse—the secreted "hell-woman"?

It is unknown to the Japanese wife to fail in her duties. She would have too many stones cast at her if she did and a paper house forms no more protection than a glass one. Her life is all arranged for her with a wonderful ingenuity in destroying the leisure that a house built like a Japanese paper lantern, without furniture, and with one "dust-hole" in the centre where all the misplaced matter can be dumped in an instant and hidden by a clean mat, and the fact of her lifelong trousseau—would seem to warrant. But custom has made it the particular honor of the wife (even with servants) to perform the menial services for the family, and they have been multiplied for her, sagaciously. She must be the first to get up in the mornings and open the house and greet everyone with a cheery "O-Hayo"; then she goes out in the diminutive garden and gathers a branch of blossoms or maple or azalea twig and arranges them in a vase in the honorable tokonoma; she makes and takes up the honorable tea to her honorable lord and his honorable mother; she brushes her husband's clothes, fetches and carries for him, and hunts for whatever odd jobs she can perform for him and all his elderly relations, until she, with all the servants, sees him off in the mornings at the doorstep. With smiles and bows and respectful rubbings of her knees, and perhaps a hiss or two but never a kiss,

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she bids him "sayonara," the pretty Japanese word for good-bye which means literally "if it must be so."

She must be at that same doorstep when he returns in the late afternoon, to show her honorable impatience to fuss around him with attentions, to conduct him to the bath she prepares for him, to help him shed the European garments he wears outside his home, and assist him into the luxurious kimono, and to serve him with his tea or supper. At meals she is not allowed to eat with her husband or sons and must not even sit down in her husband's presence. (The lower-class wife can eat with her husband—providing she sits at a respectful distance from him.) She must not speak unless she is spoken to, and even then is supposed to utter the exclusive monosyllable, yes. She must slide back the shutters for him when he leaves the room and must pick up anything he happens to drop. When they appear in public together, she must walk a few paces behind him, a relic of the days, some one has explained, when a man must be protected from a stab in the back. But they rarely do appear in public together, the husband taking good care that his wife is kept busy in her proper sphere, home. Upon her wedding day her master has re-read to her the sage's commandments for women to obey, and her relations-in-law never permit her to forget them. One is: "Women shall always keep to their duty, rise early and work till late at night. They must not sleep during the day, must study economy, and must not neglect their weaving, sewing, and spinning, and must not drink too much tea or wine. They shall not hear or see any such lascivious thing as a theatre or drama; before reaching the age of forty, women shall not go to those places, or to where many people collect, such as a temple or a shrine." So her day is amply filled with duties as housemaid, nurse, cook, seamstress, valet, and general factotum of the household, so that she doubtless does not have time even to dream of the good time she is going to have after she is too old to want it. The flower-festivals and picnics, the wrestling matches, the temples and theatres—all these wonderful things which no respectable woman can attend while she is young and pretty, are given her when a hoary *mater familias*. The only dissipation allowed a young wife is an occasional debauch in tea

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with two or three mousmees or matrons, in the solemn tea-ceremony, the Cha-no-yu, which takes hours to perform and is the most ingenious device ever created by man for an elaborate preoccupation over airy trifles and harmless nothings.

Naturally the Japanese woman does not conceal her age. In fact she is more apt to say she is older than she is; for the Japanese have a queer way of reckoning age, by which a child at birth is called a year old. This may have started with the girl babies for whom the indulgent parents desired to hasten the golden age. Age is a favorite topic of conversation among ladies, and when introduced to a Japanese lady one is supposed to put her in a good humor by asking her how old she is. The Japanese translations of Molière's works were suppressed by public consent because they ridiculed old age. The Japanese generously desire to leave the illusions of old age for the comfort of their women. In this they are certainly more fortunate than the western woman. The latter in all her emancipation has not yet emancipated herself from her most-feared and pitiless master—Age. The American woman is a coquette only until she is a grandmother; but a Japanese woman is allowed to become a coquette when she is a grandmother; and how much more a woman knows of coquetry then than at twenty. The tragedy of most women's lives is that they do not discover how to live until the mirror tells them it is time for them to die; but the little Japanese can snap her fingers at this reflection, and see in every wrinkle a springing hope of wild oats to be sown. The world must concede that in making his women yearn for old age, the Japanese has achieved the triumph of man over matter.

Many men in Japan are opposing the education of their women on the ground that it will create a servant problem which hitherto their country has been free from. The abasement of the wife (into the general servant of the household) has served to elevate domestic service and the social status of servants. The servant is ranked above the tradesman, the farmer and the artisan. Although servants are bound by rigid laws of etiquette and have "no rights" at all, to our western eyes they seem to be treated like the members of the family. In old-fashioned homes the servants commingle with the family after working

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hours and can help to entertain guests and take part in the conversation and laughter. Servants are frequently university students.

It was Prince Ito who inaugurated European dress for his people. "So long as we dress differently from the rest of the world, they will regard us as freaks," he told them, cleverly appealing to their sensitiveness to ridicule. Then the Empress ordained foreign dress for the court ladies, and for a while it seemed as if the death knell had been sounded for the picturesque national costume. When Japan was lifted to the dizzy height of the world's recognition as a first class power, unlike all other peoples, success did not give her the intolerance of diversity, but gave her the apishness of admiration for all foreign things. The men accepted the foreign as their official dress and many made their wives do the same—as a sort of signalia of modern progress and revolutionary change in Japan. But the imported costume has restricted itself to the imperial and bureaucratic circles, and is doubtless worn only in public by them as a sort of play-up to the civilizations of the west with which Japan is so eager to be identified. The Japanese are the best bluffers in the world. And they would not be so quick at adaptation of the extraneous were they not arrantly superficial. At least we know that in the privacy of home, the foreign costume is immediately shed for the more comfortable hikama and kimono. But of late years there has been a reaction in favor of holding to the native costume; perhaps because they are discovering that foreign dress makes them appear more odd and ridiculous than in their own becoming garments.

Strange to say, while the Japanese men have shown such zeal for the revolution in dress, the women have shown themselves most loath to adopt it; in this again marking themselves the conservative sex. Excepting when her husband's ambitions have demanded it of her (and even then it is discarded at home when no foreigners are present) she dons it only to have her photograph taken. The Japanese adore having their photographs taken, à la European, and the stiffer and more unnatural the pose, the more satisfied they are with it. This aversion of the Japanese women to European dress becomes extraordinary and

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baffling when we understand what this dress signifies and procures for her in her country. Upon the day of the declaration of the new constitution the Empress Haruko wore European dress and hat and for the first time in public rode side by side in the same carriage with the Emperor, and that night at the state dinner was offered his arm and seated beside him—which ushered in the new era of public courtesy to women, on state occasions at least. Since then every woman in European attire is treated with the appearance of a respect and consideration, never accorded her when in kimono, obi and getas. The wife dressed as a European can walk beside her husband instead of behind him; and have him slide back the screens for her and assist her into the jinrikisha, and can eat her meals with him and receive visitors and appear at the host's entertainments and mingle in companies of both sexes before she is senile. In fact this dress is a sort of uniform of progress and compulsory change in Japan which grants to woman privileges, immemorially denied. It represents for her emancipation from past contempt and public humiliation; and yet only the ultra-fashionable ladies have adopted it (from motives of policy) and even they are professing more distaste for it every day. Woman, hugging her chains, is indeed a mystery.

While I was in Japan, in all the big cities from Nikko to Nagasaki, I did not see one Japanese woman in European dress, but saw the majority of men wearing it, or portions of it combined with their own costume which gave them an incongruous appearance. Nevertheless there is one touch of foreign influence evident upon the women which seems to be gaining considerable popularity, and this is a new mode of hair-dressing. One sees many women dressed in kimono and obi and shuffling pattens, but with their hair dressed in the new mode of a simple imitation of the western style. Without camellia oil or loops or that funny little pin which holds it out in the back as if to show it is impossible to lay that unctuous head upon a pillow, the hair in this new mode is simply pompadoured over an imported "rat" that encircles the head and is pinned upon the crown in a flat knot with side combs. In this trifle, of hair-dressing, there is concealed immensity.

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Until this modern era in Japan, convention decreed that woman should wear her hair in specified ways which announce certain personal facts about her, interesting to men: her age, and whether she is maid, wife or widow; if the latter, whether or not she is willing to be married again; even her respectability or its lack must be publicly declared by these particular modes of top-knots, loops and pins. Hence for the present generation to adopt the non-committal hairdressing of the west, may be the augury of an eventful revolution in her condition and status. The first glance will no longer satisfy man's curiosity about a woman. He will be put to guessing her age, her amorous experience, her willingness or unwillingness for the marital yoke. What a new element in the life of the Japanese this will introduce! Woman—an enigma. Woman ending so unexpectedly into an enigma, after man's centuries and centuries of effort to make her as defined and confined and as uninteresting as possible. And what a successful sphinx she will become, this little Japanese, with her half-opened kitten eyes and her watchword "silence," and her uncanny refinements and Buddha-like little poses—if only she is given a chance at the blunted imaginations of her men.

Missionaries attribute the degradation of Japanese women to the teaching of Buddhism and Confucianism, in whose dogmas the sex-antagonized ecclesiastical mind has surpassed itself in calling her names: "a temptation, a snare, an unclean thing, a scapegoat, an obstacle to peace and holiness." But since the Christian fathers also excelled in similar compliments to the accursed sex, we must not attribute her position to the animadversions of holy scripture but to the pathology of over-sexed man.

A nation, of course, is founded upon its homes; and in Japan the home is founded upon a separation of the sexes mentally, morally and socially. In the Daigaku one reads that "it was the custom of the ancients on the birth of a female child to let it lie on the floor for the space of three days. Even in this way may be seen the likening of the man to Heaven and of the woman to Earth." Nevertheless, the heavenly qualities are expected only of the woman. It would be laughable, if the results had

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not been so tragic, to see how valiantly man has striven to safeguard the human race by the exclusive goodness of women, and then has taken all the credit to himself wherever and whenever humanity has proved itself immune to the consequences of his own license to sin.

In Japan the human-duality begins early. After six or seven years of age, the sexes are separated in play and study. The girl is taught that she was created to serve the will of man, that for this only her body is of value and her brain nothing; and the boy is taught his importance in the future of his country, in the arts, sciences, politics, and has the inferiority of the feminine drilled into him as a necessary part of his education. Thus from childhood all social intercourse, sympathy and understanding between the sexes is rendered impossible. Man's intellectual life is shut out from home and wife; and the best substitute the Japanese man can find for woman's companionship is at the tea-houses among the geishas, who are said to be " the best educated women in Japan " with their poor little *hetairai* accomplishments.

But woman is on the road to discover a way to stir the imagination of the Japanese man; and that is one element the Japanese has never yet brought to bear upon the sex-relation—imagination. Sex has been rigidly kept in the realm of appetite. Not yet has the Japanese evolved the imagination to clothe it with the fancy, the poetry, the humanity, and the divinity the western imagination has bestowed upon it. There is no romance between the sexes in Japan. The relation is either crude and business-like as in marriage, or unmentionable and bestial, out of marriage. No wonder there is no word in the Japanese language which can be translated as " love " in our language. The only love that can be spoken or written of in Japan is the filial; and the word usually translated as love, " horeru," when applied to man and woman, means something base and shameful. In the text-book for woman's training, even in woman's complete library called Onna Yushoku Mibae Bunko, the word love does not occur. The little mousmé of Japan is given, therefore, no sweet dreams and roseate illusions of love—that thrilling Glory of the western maiden—as she is raised and rounded for the minotaur marriage. There are no words of endearment for

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lovers, nor for husband and wife. Marriage is without courtship, courtship without kisses, caresses or pet names. No Japanese knight has ever performed a deed of valor for love of a woman. No Japanese poet has ever written a poem of "love" that could be read to a pure woman. These people have put all their refinement into their etiquette of life and so have had none left for the elemental facts of life; they have put all their imagination in a hair-splitting epicureanism and so have had none left with which they might dignify humanity's greatest passion. When the Japanese nation evolves the kiss of man and woman she may cease to be a mimicker and become a moulder of civilization. A kiss is the acme of imagination. It represents the triumph of sex in ideality.

In reading of the loveless, kissless, woman-denouncing Japanese, one might believe him austerely chaste, puritanical, the true ascetic, and to those unversed in the duality of human nature it comes with a shock of surprise to learn that, on the contrary, his ruthless immorality and licentiousness are notorious and the scandal of Japan.

There is one feature of this so unique and so illustrative of the vicious outgrowths of man's lop-sided civilizations, that it has a claim upon the interest of every student of Japan or of human nature: the institution of the Yoshiwara.

Classified with our "white slave traffic" and the sordid evils that nightly stalk Broadway, Piccadilly and the Parisian Boulevards, it yet differs from them all in certain elements which make it the most sickening and tragic exhibition the world affords of the inhuman injustice and shame accorded woman in civilizations made strictly of the men, for the men, by the men.

At a temple in Nikko, there is a famous picture of three monkeys, one with his hands covering his eyes, which means see no evil, another with hands covering ears, which means hear no evil, the other with hands covering mouth, which means speak no evil. This is evidently the Buddhistic formula for peace on earth, good will to men; but thanks to the men who have not observed it, humanity has evolved from some of its barbarities, and most of the barbarities that exist to-day endure because women have been too long and thoroughly trained by men—to see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil.

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So upon the silence of society and the deaf, dumb and blind ignorance of women and the double-ledgering of men (double-standards, double-lives, one set of figures for woman to read, another hidden one for man) such institutions as the Yoshiwara have reared themselves.

No one can understand the Japanese people until he has seen the menagerie-like spectacle of that portion of its womankind whom they place outside of human rights in a hideous travesty of human dignity. In the dusk of every evening, just as the temple bells of Iriya are pealing forth their summons to the strange gods of Nippon, this spectacle begins: women, girls—the majority mere children in appearance—file into cages which open onto the streets, exactly like the cages in a zoo, and sit for hours behind those wooden bars like merchandise for sale, with an aureole of tortoise shell combs around their heads and bedecked in garish splendor of attire. The spectacle arouses disgust and scorn until one learns the hidden springs behind this system of woman-sale and then there comes only pity.

The Government has placed its sanction upon this institution; "thus sayeth the law" is more powerful in Japan than in any other civilized country; so the idea has been perpetuated among the people that parents have a moral (because legal) right to dispose of their daughters to their own advantage, and the inmates of the Yoshiwara are sold by their parents or adopted parents when too young and ignorant to understand the nature of the transaction or the ghastly future it will bring. But even if she knew, the Japanese daughter is as powerless to resist the parental will as her brother the soldier would be to resist the will of his Emperor. As we know, she is taught filial devotion as her religion. It is not true, as has been so frequently stated, that unchastity does not dishonor a woman in Japan. Even these slaves of the Yoshiwara, involuntary victims, are treated as below human kind. Until a few years ago, they had no chance of escape from what even the Japanese call "the bitter sea of misery." When there were runaways, the law authorized their capture, punishment and return to their keepers. That there were many runaways we can believe when we learn that the average number of suicides among these girls throughout the land was forty and fifty a month.

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In 1900 the right of "free cessation" was won for them through the courageous efforts of a foreign clergyman, and during the following two months the suicides ceased and the exodus of girls made it seem as if "the Nightless City" were at last to become a deserted city. And then a strange thing happened: the law still exacted that a girl's debt to her keeper must be paid (the original price paid her parents for her and which she is supposed to pay off to regain her freedom, something the keeper does not permit to occur unless he wishes to be rid of her) and when she thus seized the opportunity to escape through the first right ever given her, the law authorized the attachment and forfeit of her parent's property. As soon as the girls discovered this, their desertion of the Yoshiwara ceased. The girl is now held there by the moral obligation to pay her debt as powerfully as she was previously held by her official helplessness. Nowadays those engaged in rescue work are first asked by the girls who desire to escape from their life: "But what shall I do about my debt?" One writes: "This idea has been instilled in the minds of the women until they feel that they are committing an immoral act in leaving while they leave debts due the keeper." Need one add more to show how even the immorality of a woman's life in Japan has been brought about by man's trafficking in her moral nature and superior sense of responsibility? These elements are what lift the pitiful victims of the Yoshiwara—the legalized sacrifice of womanhood to the male—from the realm of the sordid and negligible into the impressiveness and demand of monstrous tragedy.

During the past four years there has been a lively agitation in Japan for a complete change in its social and moral system. The leaders of public opinion proclaim that something is radically wrong, but do not seem to know what it is that must be changed, nor just what new laws to enact; for more laws is the masculine solution of every difficulty. Concubinage has increased to such an extent that the Government recently endeavored to strike it a blow by enacting a law that hereafter no child of a concubine could inherit a titled name. It is said that nearly a third of the titled names in Japan are at present borne by the offspring of concubinage. All the children of the late Emperor

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are thus illegitimate. And the geisha and kindred classes are increasing to such a degree that it forms a constant topic for discussion in the press and for wonder and alarm in good society. Many predict the dissolution of family life; others harangue the women for lack of wifely devotion and so forth. Fukuzawa, said to be the greatest man in Japan to-day, and sometimes called "The Great Commoner," says that "the first step in the reform of the family and the establishment of monogamy is to develop public sentiment against prostitution and plural or illegal marriage; and the way to do this is first to make evil practices secret. This is more important than to give women a higher education."

From which we gather that woman's education has been proposed in Japan by some foolhardy reformers as a possible factor for the improvement of family life and the morals of her country. But the great Fukuzawa and kindred potentates who have studied the west, declare simply and solely for an imitation of its institution—Monogamy; and in creating the new standards and new family life the Japanese men will do exactly as the western men have done: sit alone in the councils of State and Church and Academy and arrange it all in a stupendous new system of Marriage, Divorce and Morality, with the nature and the value and the soul of its chief factor entirely left out: Woman.

Until Japan learns this, her ambition will lead only to the futilities and never to the triumphs of the west. With her degraded womanhood, Japan will always remain an ethnologic, geologic, ethical and artistic freak, which has birds without song, flowers without odor, fruit trees without fruit, music without melody, theatres without actresses, soldiers without pensions, women without kisses, marriages without love, and at last, perhaps, humanity's culture without humanity's civilization, which will be to her much as if she had gained the whole world and had lost her own soul.

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THE DIFFERENCE

JAMES HOPPER

WHEN last I met Randall at the Club, I noticed in him right away an illusive yet sensible change. Also, he wore a band of crêpe on his sleeve. I asked him what had happened.

"The other day," he said, "my uncle died.

"This death has made a difference in me. Others have moved me more; with horror, with pity, with solitude, and with sorrow. One—ah, one especially! But the death of my uncle, in some way, without awakening much compassion or much pain, has worked a transformation within me at once delicate and definite.

"My uncle was a gentle, conventional and serviceable being. His personality was vapory and gray. When he was in a room with other persons, he did not seem to be there; he disappeared within the wall, as it were. And so in Life: his presence there was hardly noticeable—even of my aunt, his wife, or of my two cousins, his daughters. He was a habit rather than an individual. In his whole existence, he had done no one any harm; neither, probably, had he ever stepped across the street to do good. But he was very obliging, and since his retirement from his small business, had given his hours to the small affairs of others. He escorted his daughters, he gave his neutral advice on hats, he carried packages, he searched for flats, he stood witness at births and demises, and sponsor of applicants to the Bridge Club.

"His dying proved in fine consistence with his living. It would seem that to the end he had sought to escape troubling anyone. He detested fuss. It was Sunday morning. He had been ailing a bit, without complaining, for several weeks; but this dawn had found him with a return of his calm and unassertive health. He had bathed; he had shaved carefully, had trimmed his beard and moustache, and even, with some effort, had cut a few locks of hair which strayed a bit irregularly down his neck. He had brushed and cleaned all his garments, and had folded

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and hung in his wardrobe those he had not on. So that, afterward, there was little to do. Then, as was his Sunday morning custom, he had gone down to a near news-stand to get his paper.

"He returned, and, my aunt and cousins being busy in their rooms, established himself alone in the parlor. All nice and clean and satisfied, he was reading the newspaper before the fire, when the Thing came. It was some sort of heart trouble. I've asked the doctor about it since. He said that its interesting characteristic is the peculiar anguish which accompanies it—a strange, acute anguish, less of the body than of the soul. My uncle did not cry out. He said nothing. He left his chair, crawled across the hall, and threw himself upon his bed.

"It was there they found him some time after—first one of his daughters, who called her mother, who called the other daughter. They could see something had happened; they asked him what it was; but he would not tell them. They asked him if he would have some tea, but he did not want any, did not want to trouble them. They made the tea, but he could not drink it. They plied him again with questions; he turned his head from side to side in gentle evasion. Finally, to please my aunt, who was particularly insistent, he whispered: 'I don't know—but—I thought—I thought I was going!'

"At this point he seemed to listen intently, as to the sound of some puzzling approach. Then his head went back, his eyes reared in their sockets—and he was gone. Truly gone!

"I don't know—I was not present—but I suppose there was then a moment of terrible disorder, questioning, revolt. Doctors sent for that were not in; efforts at hopeless reanimations; against closed ears the reiterated and abominable murmurings of the truth; then the entrance of the physician, grave man of science, and the final word. And acceptance.

"When I arrived, everything was quiet again. There was a little paper spiked on the bell asking not to ring. The elder daughter opened to my knock, and broke out weeping. A little farther down the hall, I kissed the second daughter, and she broke out weeping. Already, both were in black. But my aunt, in the dining-room, was elbow-high in notes and dispatch-blanks. She rose as I came in. She was trembling, but not weep-

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ing. And she looked terribly worn and frail. They had lived together for thirty-nine years. It is horrid what unseemly thoughts will press on one at such minutes. But at the sight of her, so febrile, so fragile and so old, the thought coming to me was that it was of her I had been fearing what had occurred. Him I had counted good for another ten years.

"There was little to do. As I have explained, he had done everything—he was clean and shaven, his clothes all orderly in the wardrobe. There had been no need even of carrying him to his bed; he had placed himself upon it. All there had been to do was to pull back the clean white sheet from under him, and then re-spread it over him. And place upon it a cross.

"I went in for an instant. The woman of all work who came every day to help them sat watching in a low chair by the window. She was a rough and homely old drudge. But at the crisis she had proved cool, kind, thoughtful and devoted, and it was she who had closed his eyes. He lay on the bed, with the large white sheet drawn high; and his head, upon the pillow, was beautiful. I remembered that it had been so years before; and realized that between the two periods he must have been ailing vaguely, and suffering silently, to have lost for that time this beauty. But now it had returned to him. A clean, carven, alabaster beauty. And how he slept! The position of his chin upon his chest rounded its outline into a slight stubbornness; his nostrils were a bit distended as with an avidity. And he slept thus with an expression of concentration and of thirst.

"There was not much to do. They were writing notes and telegrams. The proper authorities had been notified. The daughters, with the aid of the woman of all work, wished to do vigil that night. I decided to give him the second night, when they would be weary; and went away to be fresh for what there would be next day.

"Up to this time, you observe, the effect which the death of my uncle has had on me had not yet begun. As you can readily see from what I relate, I had been very little moved. Death in itself is not fearful to me. And here was a quick, merciful death coming as the perfect termination of a long, placid and untroubled existence. There was nothing about it I could sincerely

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deplore. And my uncle had effaced himself so carefully through life that now this last and absolute effacement came without surprise, with little feeling of anything amiss, without that profound disturbance in established habits which is to most of us a catastrophe.

" It was the next day that it began.

" I was, that afternoon, in the dining-room with my aunt and one of my cousins (the other was watching) when there entered a young man in a frock-coat. He had a pale and noble brow, and the corners of his mouth were fixed, as if they had been ironed, into two drooping lines of decent condolence. He represented the house charged with the burial, and came to get documents necessary for the legal observances. There was a search among old cardboards, at the bottom of drawers, and my aunt spread upon the table several yellow papers. One of these was a birth-certificate. I read it out for them, and noted, reading, that my uncle had been born in 1845.

" Suddenly, in my mind there sprang another numeral. 1875 —the date of my own birth. It arranged itself by the first one, and the two stood hyphened before me:—1845-1875, birth of my uncle, birth of myself. They invited a subtraction, which immediately was made. And then I had the number 30.

" All this time I was busy, perusing parchments, reading portions of them to the young man, who was taking notes. So that of the meaning of the number 30 I had no precise idea. Yet it remained there before me, hung up like a sign, rotund three and fat-flanked zero, and caused in me a vague distress.

" The young man of the noble brow went away. We remained, making small arrangements. At regular intervals the number 30 returned before me, and each time caused that vague distress.

" It was in the night that its meaning came to me, clear.

" That night I watched over my uncle.

" His room was the smallest of the apartment, and its window was on the court. When they had moved here twenty years ago, he had chosen it for his own. At first sight, it seemed little and shabby; but after a while you noticed that the paper of the wall was soberly fine, and you drew from the meagre furnishings

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a sensation of simple harmony. Above the bed, over his head, hung, sole ornament, an English lithograph. He used to get one every Christmas from a sister he had in London. This one was all pink and blue. It represented a little girl, rosy-cheeked and golden-headed, sitting mournfully with hands clasped and eyes cast down. Really, she was mourning over a little bird that lay stiff in her lap; but her lowered eyes seemed fixed upon the bed, and she seemed to mourn over my uncle. To mourn gently, with that slight insufficiency in woe which, somehow, was all that even from the dearest his modest person drew.

"He lay beneath the compassion of the child, unaware of it, unaware of anything but of his thirst for rest. Covering the bed, there spread largely a very white sheet, and upon the sheet was a cross. There were no flowers; but much more beautiful than flowers was this wide white sheet, and upon it the black cross. Near the bed, at the height of the pillow, was a small table, also spread with white, and upon it were placed a glass of holy water, a sprig of box, and a candle. This was the sole light—the taper's slender wisp of vapory flame. And, the rest being in shadow, this was all there was in the room—the gleaming bed with its sombre crucifix; the little table, its glass, its sprig, and its candle; and above, the sorrowing child.

"He lay there with the whiteness of the sheet drawn high, as though himself had done it so. His head, as I have said, had regained its beauty—a clean, carved beauty. 'A beautiful head with nothing in it,' my aunt had said often, only half jokingly, when, with the passing of the years, she had found the worry of decisions, the care of responsibilities hers alone more and more. Poor aunt; she would not like to have that saying recalled to her now. If we thought of Death, how tip-toe careful we should be! But now, how he slept. He slept and he slept and he slept. Several times, seeing him thus, I rose from the low chair at the foot of the bed with an impulse to whisper to him, to shake him a bit, to ask him not to sleep like that. But always I was arrested by something in his features which demanded to be let alone. In his chin, from its droop upon the chest, there was a slight stubbornness; out of the shadow of his lashes, out of the corners of his eyes, an indifference oozed, a disdain of ambient

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turbulences; and in the set of his motionless nostrils, there was a desire, a thirst of sleep. And he slept; slept fast, fast, fast, with resolution, with avidity, as though he had rest to make up, as though he could never catch up the lost hours of rest. In his face was a satisfaction, at once childish and profound, of one savoring; a touching and innocent greediness, as if the taste of sleep lay there upon his tongue and he could never get enough.

"All this time there swung through my thoughts a resonant pendulum which said: 'Thirty years! Thirty years! Thirty years!' But as yet I did not understand what it meant.

"The hours passed, and it was now a new phenomenon which made me rise at intervals, to stand by him and gaze. From my low chair at the foot of the bed, my vigil glance went horizontally to his visage; and at certain moments, by a trick of the candle's wavering light, with an abruptness that gave me the fancy of a click of machinery, his head changed to the head of another man. To a gross, scowling and triangular head of sword-rattling mercenary, heavily moustachioed. I would look long, trying to see him aright, with the nightmare effort of one who, having lost in the wilderness his sense of direction, strives to revolve around him the horizon till again north is north. But finally I would have to give it up and go to him before I saw once more the gentle face with its naïve gluttony of sleep.

"It was as I was thus restoring to myself his reality that suddenly I recalled him as I had seen him a long time ago.

"I must have been very little, then. I was standing on the banks of a river, and through the leaves of low-hanging boughs, I watched him swimming in the current.

"His swimming was at that time my envy, my admiration and my delight. He could float on his back. When he floated on his back, his smooth forehead and his two smooth knees alone emerged. They formed the lustrous apexes of a triangle. This triangle used to fascinate me.

"Remembering him thus, right away I reflected that I myself have learned since to swim, that now it is I who swim as he did then. *I* float on my back as he did then to my enthusiasm and my joy.

"When I swim in the green current, there is a little boy who

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peers admiringly through the low leaves of the drooping boughs.

"This little boy is what I was then, when through the leaves I saw my uncle swim in the green current.

"And I am now what my uncle was then, when, swimming, he saw me peer through the leaves of the low-hanging boughs.

"And now, he is here, sleeping.

"I began to understand the meaning of the refrain, 'thirty years, thirty years.'

"Thirty years ago, my uncle was what I am now.

"Thirty years hence, I shall be what my uncle is now.

"And he is here—sleeping.

"Thirty years hence, I should be sleeping in a room, like this.

"And my wife would be in the next room, with letters and telegrams.

"That is what hurt me most in the thought. That, then, my little wife, so soft and young, should be as my aunt now; old and feverish and frail. So old and feverish and frail. And so ugly—that is the word—so ugly. Poor, dear old woman; so ugly!

"You understand what had happened to me.

"For the first time I saw clearly stretched before me a life.

"A whole life. That is why other deaths had not affected me in this way. They were endings of fragments. But here was a whole life. I had known him young and strong, an athlete full of the zest of living, in love with the water, with the air, with the glow of his veins. And now I saw him here; here through no catastrophe, no accident, no slip of the hag's clippers; but here by right, by law, in obedience to the natural and pre-ordained order of things. A life had passed before me. I had seen its full bloom and its ending.

"For the first time I had seen this; and I had now a standard, a yard-stick carefully notched, to be ever before my eyes.

"I had the measure of my own existence.

"That future, which hitherto had stretched before me so fluid, charmingly uncertain and boundless, was barred solidly by a stone wall suddenly dropped from the sky.

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" Thirty years ago, he was what I am now.

" Thirty years hence, I shall be what he is now.

" And he is here, sleeping.

" After this, a strange translation took place. As I looked at my uncle, lying there, he was no longer my uncle. He became myself at the end of the measure. He was I, thirty years from now.

" I watched over him again the next night. He had been placed in his bier.

" He had been placed in his bier, but I did not see the bier. To me, it was of glass. And I continued to see him there, sleeping, sleeping, sleeping, with the wilful expression in his chin.

" In the morning, many persons came. They whispered about him—how kind he had been, and especially how obliging. The whispers came to me in the room where I watched, but I could see him sleeping, deaf, with the disdain in the shadow of his eyes.

" There was a service at the church; music passed sonorously over him; incense caressed him. And still I saw him through the bier which was but a transparence, sleeping with the avidity of a child.

" And when upon him the stone was sealed, the stone was glass, and I saw him still sleeping thus.

" But all this time, at night, before the people came, later, when the people whispered, still later, at the church, and when the stone had been sealed, it was really not he whom I saw. It was I, thirty years hence; I, hungrily asleep.

" Do you know, I have a foolish little habit—I have had it for years.

" It is to gaze, when I pass a shop-window, at my mirrored self going by.

" I like to see myself go by. It is a habit that came in adolescence. Because then I felt my muscles supple and strong, my step springy, my blood bubbling and warm, I liked to see myself go by. I saw with pleasure, and each time with a little surprise, my trim, adroit, hurrying silhouette.

" And when I look thus, unconsciously I emphasize the vigor,

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the elasticity, the buoyancy of my gait. I tilt my hat a bit to one side, I leap from my toe at the end of each step, I swing my shoulders from side to side, and thus, passing from the reflection, bear away with me a picture of youth imperishable and gay.

"I had that habit before there happened to me what I have told you; I have that habit still. Still, passing the shop-windows, unconsciously I look up with a friendly interest, and, feeling still supple, warm and strong, exaggerate the decision of my manner, the swagger of my gait.

"But doing so, now I am no longer dupe. Ah, no longer dupe at all of the length of my stride, the swing of my shoulders, and the tilt of my hat!

"That is the difference the death of my uncle has made in me."

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THE NEGRO PROBLEM AS A SOUTHERNER SEES IT

E. E. MILLER

OTHER questions arise and are answered, other problems present themselves and are solved; but always to the white man of the South there remains the question: "What about the negro?"

It is one of those questions which admits of no definite, positive answer, because it is not a matter to be settled by the adoption of any fixed policy. The relationships of white men and black are things of everyday life, requiring fresh adjustments and new methods of handling with each new day. It is not strange that to so complex a problem answers should be numerous and widely different.

The great mass of American citizens, both white and black, would hesitate, I am convinced, to say just what the exact status of the negro should be; but there are not wanting those prepared to answer the question with much positiveness.

On the one hand, we have in the South a large minority—in some sections, I fear, a majority—believing that the thing to do is "to keep the negro in his place"—that is, to make of him a hewer of wood and drawer of water, the economic if not the legal chattel of the white man, and to deny him, as far as possible, any participation in the government of the country.

On the other hand there is another minority, confined to the North, firmly convinced that the negro is oppressed and denied his natural rights because he is not admitted to all the privileges which white people enjoy—is not allowed to vote, to ride in the same cars with white men, to sit in the same theatres, to lodge in the same hotels.

Between these two extreme views there is naturally constant conflict, and, as is usually the case, these extremists have more to say—certainly attract more attention by what they say—than do all the rest of us who believe that it is suicidal, on the one hand, for the white man to try to keep the negro down or refuse to help him to rise; and, on the other hand, that it is sheer folly

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to imagine that the negro is the equal of the white man or that it is any injustice to make as strong as possible the barriers which keep the two races separate.

Let me present the contentions of these two classes of extremists in regard to certain definite points, and then try to state what I conceive to be the opinion of the most thoughtful and unselfish white men of the South on these points.

The Negro and the Ballot

Take first of all the ballot. The negro is practically disfranchised in most Southern States. In some of these he has been disfranchised frankly by the "grandfather clause"; in others skilfully worded provisions designed to let the ignorant white man vote, while shutting out the ignorant negro, have been put into the State constitutions, which yet preserve an air of impartiality. In Mississippi, for instance, there is a long list of crimes common among negroes, which deprive a man of his right to vote. Along with those more serious are bribery, theft, obtaining money or goods under false pretences, etc., crimes which the Attorney-General of the State says "are indigenous to the negro's nature." The ability to read and write, the payment of taxes, the ownership of property, are all qualifications which decrease the number of black voters, but they apply to both races alike, except when modified by the grandfather clause, or some statute conferring upon election officers the right to decide whether or not the would-be elector understands what he reads or what is read to him. It must be remembered, however, that the grandfather clause has ceased to be operative in most of the States and that the same qualifications are now required of the new voter whether white or black.

These are the conditions. Are they justifiable?

For answer we are told that this is a white man's Republic, that the negro is incapable of self-government, and that it is necessary for the safety of the South that he be kept out of politics. We are also told that all laws which discriminate against the negro are unjust, un-American and indefensible.

I agree partly with both contentions, wholly with neither.

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The Southern negro is incapable of self-government, and, as a voter, is a menace to the stability of government and the welfare of the State. Against all theories of "the right to be free" and all cries of "injustice to a weaker race," I place the history of Reconstruction days and the eight million negroes of to-day as they are. Except in an hour of passion the franchise would never have been conferred upon the liberated slaves, and I cannot believe that even the passions excited by the war would have done it, if the men responsible for it had really known what it meant.

The franchise in a free government can safely be extended only to men of intelligence and stability. Dr. Chas. W. Dabney was right when he said that the enfranchisement of the negro was "one of the greatest crimes ever committed against free government."

It was necessary for the South to disfranchise the negro. I do not argue this point; few people will be found to take issue with my statement. The question is: Was it just and wise to deprive the ignorant negro of the ballot and leave it to the ignorant white man?

For my own part, I doubt if it was. It would have been better, I am inclined to think, if both races had fared alike—if the educational test laws had been for the future only and no partiality had been shown.

Yet there is much to be said for the other side. The percentages of illiteracy for the two races give no fair idea of their comparative intelligence. The uneducated white man is better fitted to exercise the rights of citizenship than the uneducated negro. As Governor Aycock said of the North Carolina amendment:

"The amendment makes a distinction between a white man and a negro, but it does it on the ground that the white man has a knowledge by inheritance which the negro has not. Has the white man such superior knowledge? Will any man deny it?"

Hardy indeed, or else ignorant of the negro, would be the man who would even question it.

But these are largely things of the past. The question of

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to-day is not so much as to the justice and wisdom of past legislation as to the justice and wisdom of future politics. And here I am equally firm in my conviction that it is sheer injustice for any State to refuse the full right of suffrage to the negro who prepares himself for it. The idea that there can be in a Republic like ours a subject caste—a body of men permanently denied the right to participate to the fullest extent in the control of the government, even if they have prepared themselves for such participation—is an idea absolutely alien from any real conception of democracy. When Senator Vardaman said that he was as much opposed to giving the right to vote to Booker T. Washington as to the "cocoanut-headed darky who blacked his boots," he showed how utterly our Southern extremists fail to understand the basic principles of the democracy they often proclaim so loudly. If it be right to deny to any man, to any race, the fullest chance to grow and develop and then to enjoy the privileges which growth and development bring, then the doctrine of democracy is a lie, and our whole theory of government rests upon the crumbling base of a false ideal.

I regard as specially dangerous any legal provision which makes it possible for men with a little brief authority to discriminate against men of another race.

In brief, it was necessary for the South to disfranchise the negro. It was a crime to give him the ballot before he was prepared for it; but it is equally a crime to deny it to him when he prepares himself to vote intelligently. What has been done by others is of small concern to us of the South to-day; but what we are doing now may hold for us the issues of life and death.

Education and the Negro

This brings us to another fundamental question: Is the South giving the negro a fair chance to rise; is he getting a fair chance to educate his children?

Here again the discord. "No," says one side; "in the South $10.23 per year is spent to educate each white child, while only $2.82 is spent for each black child."

"Yes, and more," says the other side. "There is no reason

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why we white people of the South, ruined by the ravages of war and struggling as no other men in America have had to struggle to educate our own children, should pay for the education of the negroes. Give the negroes the part of the school fund they pay in, and no more—that will be fair."

It needs little thought to show the fallacy of the latter statement, and if those who take the other stand mean to imply that it would require an equal per capita division of the school funds between the two races to make a just distribution, their plea is equally unsound. The negro pupil is less advanced, as a rule, than the white child; his training is necessarily more elementary; his teacher costs less and is worth less. To attempt an equal per capita division between the two races would deprive the white child of more than it would give the black child, and, to be plain, the black child does not at present need the same training the white child does.

The present difference is, however, too great for me to attempt to justify it. In some instances substantial justice is done in the division of the funds between the races, in others the injustice is evident. Dr. Washington says that in one Alabama county the white child gets $15 for education, the black child 33 cents. No amount of sophistry or special pleading can justify such a division as this.

On the whole, it seems to me that the South has done well by the education of the negro, all things considered; but it will be to our lasting discredit if we do not do "better than well." We insist that the negro must show himself capable of citizenship; we must help, not hinder him in the effort he makes. Strong men who exert their strength to hold others down are not men to be admired; and, to put the matter on a purely selfish basis, the black man of the South cannot be kept down—cannot be allowed to remain ignorant and poor and thriftless and careless of the law—without becoming a clog to the white man in his effort to ascend.

I might refer just here to some figures given out by Professor Coon, of North Carolina, which seem to show that the negro in that State is actually getting less out of the school fund than he pays into it. This would be a terrible indictment of North Caro-

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lina if the charge were justified; but his figures will not stand investigation. The negro race does not pay its proportionate share of the indirect and miscellaneous taxes.

For one neglect, however, all Southern States are greatly to be blamed. Not one of them has made adequate provision for the training of negro teachers; and this is the foundation of the whole system of negro education. The negro must be taught to work, to save what he earns, to respect the laws, and to tell the truth as well as to read and write.

The Courts and the Mob

I can consider but briefly two charges often brought against the South, to which most of us seldom make reply—because we cannot.

These are, that there is, in practice if not in theory, one law for the white man and another for the black, and that, even then, racial prejudice is not satisfied but breaks out in savage mobs and ghastly lynchings.

There is racial prejudice in the South, as there is wherever two races meet. Our jails and chain gangs contain many more negroes than whites; it is usually easier to convict a negro than a white man. But for the last two facts I do not believe the first is wholly responsible. It is easier anywhere to convict an ignorant, a poor, or an uninfluential man than one with learning, money and friends. The accused negro is usually defended by a cheap lawyer, and unless he be a professional criminal, is likely to be a poor defender of his own case. Simple justice is too much bundled up with red tape and dusty ermine in all our courts, and racial feeling cannot but have its influences. Still, I believe that most white juries try to be just to the negroes they try. Negro jurymen to try offenders of their own race have been suggested, but I have heard of an instance or so in which the black prisoner preferred to have his case tried by white men.

I should consider myself an unworthy son of the South if I had one word of defence or palliation for the men who permit their anger at some perverted brute to drag them down to the level of the savage and make them members of a murderous

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mob. We can only be thankful that lynchings are decreasing and hopeful that as both white and black gain more of self-restraint and strength the causes which provoke them may be fewer, and the temptation to mad revenge which certain hideous crimes stir in the bosoms of all white men may be more manfully withstood.

The Lines of Social Cleavage

On the points I have discussed, Southern sentiment is much divided, but it is practically unanimous in its support of laws forbidding intermarriage of the races, forbidding the two races to attend the same schools, to sit together in places of amusement, or to ride in the same street and railway cars. That all these laws are wise and wholesome we firmly contend, and the great body of white people in other sections has given them at least tacit approval. There are those, however, who insist that all of them—except possibly the first—are unjust and that they are in disregard of some natural or acquired right of the negro.

Even so sound a thinker as Ray Stannard Baker seemed inclined some years ago to place the "Jim Crow law" in the same class with the disfranchisement laws. The truth is, the two have nothing in common. One strikes at the very fundamentals of citizenship, the other is merely a wise and just social regulation.

The colored man is denied no right when he is assigned to a certain section of the theatres, or to a certain car on the train. He is entitled to receive as much for his money as the white man receives for the same amount, and there his legal and his moral rights end.

"But," we are told, "he cannot ride in the Pullman cars; he has to go to inferior hotels; he has to see the play from the gallery—if he wants the best there is and is able to pay for it, why shouldn't he have it?"

There are two answers to this, either of them sufficient.

One is, that whenever enough negroes want these things to make it profitable for some one to furnish them, they will get them. That is the way white men secured them—by evidencing an ability and a willingness to pay for them. When enough

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negroes wish to ride in Pullman cars, there will be Pullmans for them; when enough of them can pay for good seats in high-class theatres, such theatres will be built for them. We must not forget that all these are mere matters of personal desire, and that the wishes of the numerous white people who would be offended by the presence of a negro among them are just as much to be considered as the wishes of the one negro who has an unwholesome longing to identify himself as far as possible with another race.

The other answer is, that it is sloppy sentiment rather than solid reason which would insist that any race is entitled to all the advantages of a civilization which is the work of others. I would say nothing unkind of the black race, I have faith in its future and a desire to see it progress and develop; but I know, as every other man knows, that our civilization was not of the negro's making, that he does not maintain it, that he is not yet capable of preserving it, if it were entrusted to his keeping.

The civilization the white man of America has is the result of generations of struggle and effort on the part of his ancestors, and this heritage he must keep for himself. The civilization the American negro has was superimposed upon him, largely against his will, and he expects the white man to see that it is perpetuated. It is folly for any race to expect to reap where it has not sown.

The negro must be given a chance to develop to his utmost capacity; justice to him requires that he have the help of his white neighbor in every worthy effort; but the lines of social cleavage must be sharply drawn.

When the negro race begins to take pride in its own achievements and to rejoice in working out its own destiny, instead of trying to imitate and to associate with the white race, it will have made progress indeed. When the average negro does not envy the far-off Northern negro with a white wife, and the average negress is not proud to have a child by a white man, it will be time to discuss the wisdom of this policy of the strictest possible segregation of the races. The negro needs racial pride as much as any other one thing—much more than he needs to be allowed to associate more intimately with the white men.

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This is not saying, however, that the negro always gets justice along these lines. If he must have his own colleges, he is entitled to a fair share of the State's contribution to collegiate education, and this he has not had. If he must stay in his own car, he is entitled to decent service, and this he often fails to get. If he is expected to live in his own section of the city,—and I think he should be,—he is entitled to more consideration as a citizen and a taxpayer than he commonly receives.

The views I have presented are mine only. I claim to speak for no one else. Still, I believe that they are substantially those of the more conservative and thoughtful citizens of the South. I believe, too, that they are slowly gaining ground against the ideas of those who think that the negro's only purpose in the world is to be useful to white men, as well as of those who believe that the negro is the equal in every respect of the white man and should be met as such by the white man of the South.

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THE HIGHER CRITICISM OF KARL MARX

L. L. BERNARD

FOR more than half a decade we have had almost constantly called to our attention two rather remarkable facts about socialism. One of these is its rapid growth and the other is the marked change which is taking place inside the movement. These facts are true of socialism in other countries as well as in this, and in some European countries tendencies toward growth and revisionism are older than in the United States. If we consider this country only, we need go back merely to the national elections of 1904 to find the total Socialist vote jumping from less than one hundred thousand in 1900 to more than four hundred thousand four years later. True, there was but a slight increase in the total Socialist vote of the 1908 elections, but this rest period may perhaps be explained quite reasonably by the fact that the national Administration had established popular confidence for its policies in the preceding four years, and these policies were professedly to be carried out in the next Administration. The complete breakdown of the Taft Administration, the recent invasion of the national House of Representatives and the capture of a large block of city administrations, in whole or in part, to say nothing of the poll of nearly one million Socialist votes in the recent national election, would seem to mark a decided rise in the party's political fortunes. The one spectre which arises to cast gloom over socialist hopes is the marked tendency toward progressivism in the old parties, which in one has nominated and elected a progressive candidate for the Presidency and in the other has broken the restraining shackles of party regularity and given birth to a new party.

These facts are by no means novel. The socialists themselves have not been reluctant in spreading them; and their very familiarity has so accustomed us to the idea of socialists without tails and horns that the party's ranks may be more easily swelled in the future. But a second fact which largely accounts for these successes—but which unfortunately the socialists have not so per-

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sistently advertised—is that there is a progressive movement within the Socialist party itself. The lines of stand-patism and progressivism are closely drawn among the socialists and it has sometimes looked as if those in a majority in the party were ashamed to be called progressives, so angrily and persistently have they repudiated the soft impeachment that their doctrines have changed since the days of Karl Marx. Back in the minds of the old line socialists lurks the dogmatic faith that the great Marx said once and for all the final word on social reform. So bitter have these dogmatists been in resisting any *lèse majesté* to their canonized leader that they have intimidated the newer blood into nominal allegiance and lip service. Thus has arisen an interesting psychological situation. Those who are to-day furthest from Marx in principles must still justify all their new ideas and improved programmes by asserting that they are truly Marxian. What the constitution is to the old line Republican, even more is Marx, and especially *The Communist Manifesto,* to the old line socialist. This rigid application of an outworn test of faith has created a new field of socialist activity—the higher criticism of Marx.

The socialist movement has been and still is primarily philosophical rather than political. As such the people have understood it. True, it has put forth party platforms and declarations of faith, more or less unrelated to its general tenets, but everyone understands that in the Socialist, as in the Republican and the Democratic parties, platforms are for the most part merely vote-getters and may have little or no relation to the actual policy of the machine. The one real force which has unified socialists for a third of a century or more has not been party declarations, but the economic and social philosophy of Karl Marx—or what the rank and file of the movement understood this philosophy to be. But none the less the movement of socialism has recently been steadily away from Marx, just in the same way, if not to the same extent, as it has been away from the other early leaders of socialism—from Owen, Fourier, Bakunin, Weitling, and Louis Blanc. In many respects socialism has been like a religion, so strong—almost fanatical—has been the devotion of its followers to the teachings of Marx. And perhaps in

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socialism as in all other dogmatic beliefs, change can come only through reinterpretation—by a species of higher criticism.

To realize fully the significance of the recent socialist movement away from Marxism it is necessary to understand the relation of Marx to modern socialism and the part which he played in its development and in the organization of its principles.

Two things made Marx the leader—the high priest, as it were—of the socialism of the last half of the nineteenth century. First, the domineering, ponderous and mystical character of his person and his intellect lent him a prestige such as his rivals, Bakunin and Weitling, with their attempts at acting, could not achieve. From Hegel he brought a seductive and ponderous formalism which always appeals strongly to those who would make much of limited knowledge. From his South German and Jewish antecedents there survived an almost Calvinistic fatalism which—paradoxical as it may seem—because of its conservatism prepared him well for his second great prerequisite for leadership—eclecticism. Marx was not remarkably original, though his intellect was untiring. He came to socialism as an educated "intellectual." It is doubtful if any other socialist of his time was equally well trained in an academic way. He alone of socialists, perhaps, had the breadth of view and the conservatism necessary for harmonizing the many bitterly contending views of his time. He was added to the "cause" at a time when there was the fiercest conflict on between factions, notably that between the peaceable Utopians and the revolutionary insurrectionists. To these Utopian dreamers, who placed the ideal commonwealth off in the unobtrusive and poetic future, and to the rash revolutionaries, who honestly hoped to change the whole constitution of society by a holiday insurrection, Marx brought an alert but Hegelian-Calvinistic fatalism in the form of the materialistic conception of history and pseudo-revolutionism. This was the oil which he threw upon the troubled waters. He charmed the disputants with a theory which has grown upon his followers until many of them now regard it as the central principle of socialism.

Though dogmatic in a way, as his many firm attitudes prove, Marx did his greatest work as a man of compromise. And for

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all we know to the contrary, his compromises were intellectually honest. His breadth of view led him to see something true in all the conflicting theories, while his limitations caused him to take them over undigested rather than by a process of selection and rejection. His Calvinistic temperament and Hegelian formalism rendered him receptive to the dogmatic pessimism of the submerged classes of his time. With this attitude of mind Marx accepted and expanded the class struggle hypothesis. In his day the struggle of the unrecognized classes—the " fourth estate "—for a political and social hearing was a bitter reality, while the prestige and privilege of birth and title had been but slightly undermined. Under such circumstances it was by no means strange that even the educated Marx should have divided the world into two great classes—those who toil and those who thrive on privilege—and should have thought of their class interests as permanently opposed. Marx was not himself enough of a sociologist to foresee that our great industrial and cultural era must also bring a democracy which should act automatically as an efficient solvent and leveller in the matter of classes. But no one could adequately foresee the meaning of democracy in that day. To Marx' Calvinistic temperament, the problem was one solely of choosing which master he should serve.

And for himself Marx made the choice; he accepted and advocated the proletarian standpoint. In this second compromise he came very near leaving himself and his kind out of account in the socialist system, and perhaps there is no stronger testimony to the fact of compromise than this apparently unconscious failure to make a place for himself in the new order. This part of his theory appears to have been based primarily on emotion.

In much the same way Marx accepted the revolutionary theory of reform of his day, but he modified it in such a way as to project it indefinitely into the future. His compromise at this point was largely in the nature of using the word " revolution," while he transformed the thought to indicate a gradual change. In fact, it is not clear just what he meant by revolution, though it is most probable that more often than not he understood by the term much that we now mean by social evolution. His fourth great compromise throws some light on this question, for

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in his acceptance of the Utopian idea in the form of the distant and vaguely conceived co-operative commonwealth, he does not make it clear how this *ultima Thule* of the socialist order is to be attained. At times he talks of gradual achievement and again he speaks as if it might come soon and by means of marked and rapid change.

In defence of these more distinctly sociological views, and without a very extensive knowledge of economics, he built up, partly by shrewd eclectic methods and partly by original interpretation, an economic theory centring about capital. Because of the strategic importance of this theory it was the first to be discredited by the onslaught of the enemy, and has now practically been abandoned by the most progressive of his friends.

These two facts—his domineering personality and his sympathetic assimilation of the conflict situation—made it possible, though not easy, to suppress all the revolts of the smaller and factional minds and for him to become dominant in his authority over the policies of the movement. The system itself, which he formed by a union of the many factions which he found, was not without a certain genius and merit. He found it discreet and wholly partisan, and he left it united and less partisan; he found it largely antisocial, and he gave to it a distinct, if not a complete, flavor of the common good.

Valuable to the movement as was the high priesthood of Marx as a force for unity, its benefit was not an unmixed one. Temporarily at least it brought comparative sanity. But almost in the very degree in which it forced unity into the movement it also made the faithful adherents dogmatic and ultra orthodox or, as we now say, Marxian. Spargo tells of an unlettered workman who on Sundays walked ten miles or more to spell over *Das Kapital* with a comrade, not because they understood what they read, but because it had become the emblem of the social redemption for which they hoped—their bible. Such a spirit of reverence necessarily leads to literalism, and this attitude of dogmatism was itself destined to cripple the growth of socialism. In some cases the words of Marx were taken to defend a revolutionary impossibleism, which sometimes degenerated into direct action. And at other times Marx, the intellectual, became the

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authority for an anti-intellectualism which descended into a demagogic proletarianism. But in all countries this dogmatism closed the door to new light and the socialist movement was threatened with suffocation.

But the *post mortem* prestige of Marx has not been equal to the task of closing his system, and in the second decade after his death there burst out a revolt in Europe which was felt unmistakably by us only in the third decade. As a result of this revolt the movement has taken on three important new aspects. It has adopted an opportunistic programme of reform; it has received a large accretion from the middle class which now threatens to dominate it; and, as a consequence, the movement which once seemed stagnant or in a state of dry rot is now blessed with great growth.

Of course this change is not being accomplished openly and directly as a revolt or a "bolt." For the most part it is being brought about by a method of higher criticism of the master, often somewhat evasive in character, but always by the aid of reinterpretation and reconstructed precedent as in law or religion. Now and then an actual clash does occur, as that in the national executive committee of the Socialist party at Chicago in the spring of 1910. At that time a violent rupture is supposed to have taken place between the rigid Marxians and the opportunists. Hughan,* a socialist writer, is responsible for the statement that peace was finally preserved by the resignation of some of the insurgents from the committee and by the covering up of a multitude of progressive sins by others with the convenient and respected Marxian cloak. However, in the readjustment, extending to the party itself as a whole, the editorship of the Chicago *Daily Socialist* changed hands, and the cause of socialist opportunism received a severe shock in that city. Much the same quarrel was repeated on a larger scale at the national convention in Indianapolis in May, 1912. A good many accusations and counter-accusations of anarchism and direct action on the one side and of traitors on the other were passed, but differences were finally patched up by giving the Presidential nomination to a more or less set Marxian and the

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Vice-Presidential nomination to a moderate progressive, while the progressives seem to have won most of the moral victories. Though the socialists endeavor to keep their factional struggles from the public ear, these recent contests show plainly that there is a fight on in the Socialist party analogous to that in the old parties. The progressive strength is growing rapidly, but a question of the utmost importance for the future of the Socialist party itself is whether it is growing as rapidly as in the old parties. Of course their counter claim would be that the most reactionary socialist is more progressive than the most active insurgent in the old parties. But of this the public has yet to be convinced, in so far as their claim has reference to social reform in this day and age.

The actual methods by which the socialist progressives harmonize their views with those of Marx for public consumption are often very interesting. One of the cleverest tricks used by the higher critics to sugar-coat a difficult revisionist pill for the standpatter is the argument so frequently employed by Mr. Spargo in his writings and addresses. Marx, he says, was himself a progressive and on several occasions openly declared that he was no Marxian; therefore to be progressive is to be Marxian. Whereupon Mr. Spargo immediately proceeds to show that his own views are strictly orthodox. So far has this been carried in his life of Marx that New York socialists have a way of facetiously saying, "Read the second edition." What Mr. Spargo has done on a large scale and yet remained a staunch Marxian, numerous others have done in a smaller way by their own methods. In fact, the present day Marx which they have created for us is no longer a revolutionist at all, but an evolutionist, in sociology what Darwin is to biology. Nor is this same Marx any longer strictly a proletarian or a class partisan, but a sociologist and economist with a truly modern outlook upon the equable development of all classes of society. Nor does he any longer hold strictly to his own invention, the materialistic interpretation of history, which is now modified into a tame statement of the general influence of environment upon man.

Some of the more progressive socialists, however, have gone

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further under the influence of outside criticism, and have admitted frankly that his explanatory economics is defective. A recent socialist writer, Miss Hughan, says that Marx' economics was developed after the writing of *The Communist Manifesto,* which is the real socialist constitution, and that therefore his economics is not a necessary part of his socialism. In fact, she says, it should be regarded merely as an individual output. She neglects, however, to explain why one work of his, to which he devoted so much time and emphasis, should be less truly Marxian than another of which he was only joint author. Another clever method of the higher critics, which both Miss Hughan and Mr. Spargo use, is to claim that in all essentials Marx was right, while all his errors are non-essential and incidental to socialism. Such an attitude is serviceable in at least two ways, for it not only allows Marx always to be right, but it also makes it possible for his higher critics to discredit a worn-out Marxian hypothesis by characterizing it as non-essential or secondary.

But in some matters not even the reconstructive methods of the higher critics will preserve the master intact, and here the bolder progressives frankly, if reluctantly, admit that socialists must reconstruct their theories independently. The labor-cost theory of value, which was the strongest defence of the ultra-proletarian standpoint, has had to go the way of the rest of classical economics. So also, in large measure, have gone the Marxian explanatory theories of surplus value, of crises, and of the origin of private capital in exploitation and robbery. With the passage of these doctrines the deification of the proletariat and the claim that the hand worker alone produces also vanish, and the way is prepared for the ultimate admission of bourgeois industry and interests into the system. For, if proletarian labor does not create all and if the hated middle class is necessary to the social system, then each must share in the product. But still the question of the legitimacy of social distinctions has to be settled, and it may well be that here the socialists have the better of the argument.

Along with this revision of economic theory has come also a modification of sociological and political principles. Gradually

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the socialists have dropped from their programmes the demand that productive land should be held in common, thus making a vital concession to that large portion of the middle class which is agrarian in character. Likewise they have within the last few years quite generally dropped their warfare on private ownership of the smaller and non-corporate means of production. This may also be regarded as a concession to another large section of the middle class. Along with these conspicuous concessions one hears less and less of the prophecy of the elimination of the middle class in the grinding warfare between the proletariat and the privileged classes. The deep-seated hatred of the clergy and often of Christianity also seems to be diminishing, especially in this country, where the ministry is less bound by the hierarchy and is often under the direct control of the local community. All this means that socialism is passing out of the stage of provincialism and class feeling into that of a practical movement of reform.

To some it may be difficult to understand why earlier socialists should have so hated the middle class, and why in Europe this hatred still often persists. In large part it was undoubtedly due to invidious comparisons, in part to a resentment at the actual poverty of the proletariat. In part again it was due to an erroneous conception of economic and sociological principles, which underestimated the social benefits of markets and exchange, of saving and private ownership of productive capital. And a scarcely less important reason, perhaps, was the conspicuous snobbery of the middle class in many countries in their mad imitation of the privileged classes.

Nothing, perhaps, could be more conspicuously indicative of the revision now going on in socialist theory than the way in which the class struggle hypothesis is being softened under the touch of sociology and ethics. Of course the full import of this change has not yet been grasped by the strict "Marxists" and the ultra-Marxist proletarians. But the old doctrine of the supremacy of class interests no longer appeals to the more progressive. Society and mankind are coming to be regarded more as a whole. Consequently, the value of harmonizing and modifying the interests of all classes in keeping with a broad social evolution is coming to be seen.

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Not only are the older class struggle hypothesis and propaganda repudiated by the newer social ethics, but they are rendered actually distasteful to large numbers of socialists themselves by the constant absorption of the middle class. But even these new recruits do not dare openly to repudiate the principle, because it would mean a dissension in the socialist ranks between themselves and the rigid Marxists. For this reason advanced middle class socialist writers, like Mr. Spargo, restate the principle with a new psychological significance, under the title of "The Moral Value of Class Consciousness."* In this new dress the complexion of the principle is wholly transformed.

Marx, despite the recent claim of his followers to the contrary, was not strictly speaking an evolutionist. On the one hand he had the Hegelian conception of marked antithetical changes. On the other hand, his statement of the law of materialistic determination—a more accurately and completely descriptive term than the more recent substitute of "economic determinism"—lacks perspective as well as precision. His claim that "intellectual production changes in character in proportion as material production is changed," or, to use Engels' statement of the theory which he attributes to Marx—"that in every historical epoch, the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange, and the social organization necessarily following from it, form the basis upon which is built up, and from which alone can be explained, the political and intellectual history of that epoch"—neglects the influence of the "dead hand," which is really predominant in human affairs. His emphasis upon the genesis of consciousness out of present conditions is a failure to realize the bearing of custom and tradition upon present social life. As a consequence, this principle—to which the most recent socialist writers, such as Spargo and Hughan, have attempted to return as the fundamental contribution of Marx as well as the fundamental philosophic principle of socialism—is only in part true as it was originally stated. One of the interesting examples of the higher criticism of Marx is the recent restatement of the

* This is the title of a chapter in Spargo's *Substance of Socialism.*

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principle so as to make it evolutionary in form and therefore truer to fact!

The change now in process in socialism—as indeed is that in all parties and creeds—is a most interesting one, and if it is not unduly checked it bids fair to be of far reaching consequences. The middle class is invading the socialist movement and has already practically captured its leadership. This change should be welcomed by all socialists with a discerning outlook. But the typical proletarian has not proved himself a progressive. He sticks by his Marx as a devout Mohammedan does by his Koran —not to draw an analogy nearer home. He cannot be a reformer in an evolutionary or opportunistic sense of the word. He lives too close to the boiling pot of life and too far from the making of philosophies to get an adequate social perspective of things. He is a revolutionist.

As the party expands into a reform movement of the middle class, it leaves Marx in large measure behind. But this change goes on slowly, partly because contemporaneous leadership in the party is anathematized. But since leadership is necessary in any movement, its discouragement in the present makes it all the more difficult to cast off that of a great personality of the past like Marx, even after most of his ideas have been antedated. Consequently present leadership has to masquerade under subterfuge, cant phrases and lip service to the great dead leader. One of the peculiar anomalies of this present situation is the ease with which almost any demagogue may get a hearing among the "proletarian" socialists if only he will begin his discourse with praise of Marx or with invective against the "intellectuals." This is true even though, as Spargo has well said, the disturbers are themselves "intellectuals" instead of "proletarians." For a long while a certain "millionaire socialist" handed out daily through the Chicago *Daily Socialist* a brief essay on the righteousness of strong measures by the proletariat in their death struggle against the privileged rich! If one may judge from his conspicuous connection with the party his popularity with both proletarian and middle class socialists was immense.

This change in the leadership and the constituency of the party, which is going on in spite of much subterfuge and cant

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phrasing, means for one thing the abandonment of the old revolutionary and utopistic policies which Marx found and harmonized. The co-operative commonwealth also is being put off into the indefinite future and it is increasingly difficult to get any socialist to describe it. Ever more rarely does one find an intelligent member of the party who looks forward to any radical change or mutation in social development. Some decades ago the German socialists discontinued their obstructionist policies with the result that the party has grown steadily and rapidly as a reform party till at the close of the last German elections it obtained the leading representation in the Reichstag. In this country also the rapid growth of the party is contemporaneous with its activity as a reform movement.

The Wisconsin tendencies in socialism are coming to be more and more representative of the movement in this country. Carl Thompson, for example—who to be sure is a Christian socialist—is purely a reformer in policy. Rabid partisanship for the proletarians, cant phrases regarding the class struggle, revolutionism, or anti-intellectualism do not appear in his speeches. He is busy trying to secure better laws for the present and to enforce those we have. There are many others like him. Berger, Gaylord and Seidel have much the same outlook, though there is some indication, according to a recent issue of *The Survey,* that the most serious mistake of the Milwaukee administration was its tendency to treat non-socialists as Gentiles.

The recent socialist victories in this country show that the people are gaining confidence in the Socialist party as a movement of reform. As Professor Hoxie, who recently made an investigation of the subject, says,* it does not appear that in a single recent socialist victory was the issue on which the contest was won that of socialism of the ultra radical type. People are losing their blind loyalty to party names—as the recent organization of a Progressive party proves—and they are consequently becoming more and more ready to attach themselves, temporarily at least, to any party which promises desired reforms. It is acknowledged by socialists themselves that their victories are

* "The Socialist Party in the November [1911] Elections," *Journal of Political Economy,* March, 1912.

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won by the help of non-socialists, and they fully realize that their chance for carrying an election is largely in proportion to the obliquity of the opposing parties. The influence of this temporary association of outsiders upon the socialists is of considerable benefit to them, since it broadens their outlook and teaches them the tactical value of opportunism.

One possibility of enormously increasing the strength of the Socialist party in this country has stubbornly failed to materialize. In other leading nations—England, for example—the labor unions and the Socialist party have largely merged their forces, but in this country there have been only sporadic and local movements in this direction. This is due largely to a mutual suspicion of the two factions, to say nothing of the fact that the labor leaders are sometimes quite facile in playing politics in their own behalf. Mr. Gompers' attitude toward socialism is distinctly one of distrust, and he constantly asserts by way of antidote that his work is a practical one and in the interest of the present needs of labor. On the other hand the socialists have officially declared their distrust of the sincerity of the American Federation of Labor, intimating that they believe that the latter organization has fallen into the hands of the capitalists, since a majority of the executive council of the A. F. of L. is affiliated with the American Civic Federation, which they regard as an organization in the interests of capitalism. Whether the suspicions of the socialists regarding the national labor body are justifiable or not, it is not likely that the unions themselves will espouse political socialism until it clears itself of the traditional suspicion of theoretical inanity and openly and consistently advertises an opportunistic policy of reform.

Debs, among other socialists, has declared himself unconditionally hostile to such a fusion. But a majority of the leaders —who are, of course, middle class—favor affiliation. The leading Wisconsin socialists, Berger and Thompson, are on this side, and so are Work, Hillquit, Hunter and Spargo so far as they feel that their official connections will allow them to declare themselves. An interesting proof of the general leaning of the leaders in this direction is the fact that the fight in the national executive committee over this question, which was referred to

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above, did not result in a complete victory for those opposed to an opportunistic compromise with labor. It did eventuate in the throwing out of some of the more fearless men from the national committee and in the hedging of others, but a substantial, though diminished, majority of the progressives was still left on the committee.

Why do not the more progressive leaders and members of the party openly and fearlessly declare their reform policies and disavow the old traditional and impeding doctrines in which so many no longer believe? Why should the progressive majority be held back by the conservative minority? The reasons are not difficult to find and they are the same as those existing in every other movement. As the religious higher critic hesitates to disavow doctrines which are traditionally connected with his church, so does the higher critic of Marx hesitate for a like reason. The old method of patching up the punctured skin to hold the new wine is resorted to, and as the new wine ferments from contact with the old skin it becomes palatable to the devotees of the old skin. Their action is due in part, no doubt, to sentimental considerations. In other cases it is grimly practical. Reformers of all parties and creeds constantly face a double danger, and those of socialism are no privileged exception. They must gauge the time of their revolt carefully. If they declare their advanced principles too soon they lose their leadership. And if they succeed in carrying the masses with them a disruption of the party may result by which a larger faction of reactionaries than can be spared secedes. Thus indefinite delay and tiresome and discouraging compromise are forced upon the reformers.

Yet the forward step must be taken some time. The question of When? presents a nerve-racking dilemma. If the leaders delay too long some other reform party in which the people can have confidence—in which impractical theory and distant utopistic demands do not cloud the present issues—will get the ear of the people. The other horn of the dilemma, which is equally difficult to hold, is that they may break with the reactionaries in their own party before they get the confidence of the masses of the people outside. Thus, stranded without a dogmatic or religious element, which is now supplied by the extreme Marxists,

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and without the confidence of the public or the accretion of new and able leaders, a prematurely born reform party in socialism could not survive. Either horn of the dilemma presages dire results, and it will require more skilful seers to determine when the time is ripe. Are the present socialist leaders, intimidated by the prejudice against contemporary leadership within the movement, equal to the task? Can the evangelist Bourgeois successfully steer the distressed proletarian out of the Marxian city and across the slough of class hatred to the pathway of reform, where the burden of revolutionism and Utopianism will roll away? Many think the time is now fit for action. Others hesitate. And in the meantime the new Progressive party looms on the horizon.

There is one bit of useful political psychology which even the brightest middle class socialist leaders appear to have missed. No movement which merely invites the masses to join and to shape it to their liking will ever become strong. Even in our democracy the great masses of men demand that movements and principles be ready made for them, and that they be left merely to choose or to reject. This may not be the method of an ideal democracy, but it is *our* method. And any party which wishes to succeed must first get its platform ready and not invite the people to make a platform for themselves. We have not yet the machinery by which people can construct their own platforms and unite on them. The Socialist party of to-day, with its referendum on party issues designed to accomplish this very end, does not constitute a mass of opinion representative of our population as a whole. To break away and to read the minds of the people correctly and to inspire them with confidence requires both courage and intelligence. But there is no other way.

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WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

W. B. Trites

WHEN I was a little boy, I used to spend a good deal of time at my grandfather's. There, in the long, cold, quiet evenings of winter, we would play backgammon, we would read aloud, and at ten we would have a collation, a collation in my honor, of cold ham and chicken, cider and mince-pie.

I have a vivid memory of many beautiful passages read aloud on winter evenings in this pleasant manner at my grandfather's, but my memory is particularly vivid of Mr. Howells' *Lemuel Barker*. *The Minister's Charge, or the Apprenticeship of Lemuel Barker,* was first issued as a serial in *The Century,* and we read it with eagerness—my grandfather, my grandmother, my aunt and I—month by month as it appeared.

It interested us profoundly. We discussed Lemuel, Sewell, Statira and the rest as though they had been real people. I remember still and starry nights of blood-curdling cold when I would be intensely annoyed by Mr. Howells' kindly treatment of the officious Mrs. Sewell—for, little boy that I was, I did not then perceive that for Mr. Howells to give the squarest of "square deals" to a character does not inevitably mean that he upholds all that character's conduct—and I remember nights of wild wind and snow when Lemuel's stern aloofness shocked and displeased me, though at the same time I liked very much the lad's honor, his delicate pride.

And now, to-day, as I turn the leaves of the first six volumes of the comely new edition of Mr. Howells' works, my mind goes back to my childhood, to my grandfather's delightful house of long ago, and to that story, at once so simple and so profound, which by reason of its perfect clarity, its vigorous and logical movement, its living characterization, could enthral equally an old man and woman, a young lady, and a little boy of nine or ten years. And turning these fresh and comely pages, I ask myself the secret of Mr. Howells' fame.

It is as critic, as essayist and as novelist that he reveals his

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secret in these six books *—a luminous, catholic and profound critic, a brilliant essayist, and a great, a very great novelist, a novelist standing beside Tolstoy, Zola, Dostoievsky, Flaubert.

As critic one first thinks of him, perhaps, as the spear that tumbled Dickens and Thackeray from their too lofty thrones. Dickens and Thackeray are kings, small kings; and they occupy small thrones to-day; but, till Mr. Howells showed us the melodramatic quality in the one and the snobbish quality in the other, their thrones were lofty, vast, and resplendent with jewels of glass. In Valhalla, perhaps, Dickens and Thackeray now feel more dignified and more comfortable on little thrones that fit them—little, simple thrones—much comelier really than those huge, pinchbeck ones that Mr. Howells knocked over amid a tremendous uproar and scandal.

But it is better to think of Mr. Howells as the generous revealer rather than the ruthless destroyer: for few critics have made us so many revelations as he. Stephen Crane, Frank Norris—whenever a fine American talent has appeared, Mr. Howells, from his chair of authority, has been the first to hail it. He was the first to hail Tolstoy. Endless would be the list of talents from every land that he has revealed to us. Perhaps he has been too generous. To me at least it is sometimes almost pathetic to see him, this great master, praising with a boy's enthusiasm and a boy's reverence writers who are still but kindergarteners in that school of letters where he has taken all the diplomas, all the honors. But, if he has praised generously, he has never praised wrongly. The talents he has offered us have been real talents—there have been no Rider Haggards among them, no false fires, no mistakes. Hence Mr. Howells' praise has become a hallmark. It is, in fact, our only hallmark. It places a writer at once and permanently. How many writers it has thus placed!

As critic Mr. Howells is a kind of miner, digging and digging into a subject, turning up nugget after nugget of pure truth. "Style" is a subject that has been often enough dug into; no more nuggets on this claim, you would say; but Mr. Howells,

* The writings of William Dean Howells are published by Harper & Brothers, and the first six volumes of a new Library Edition have recently been issued.

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who digs very deep, uncovers for us, in a paragraph on Goldsmith's style, such a massy, virgin nugget as this:

"Kindness and gentleness are never out of fashion; it is these in Goldsmith which make him our contemporary, and it is worth the while of any young person presently intending deathless renown to take a little thought of them. They are the source of all refinement, and I do not believe that the best art in any kind exists without them. The style is the man, and he cannot hide himself in any garb of words so that we shall not know somehow what manner of man he is within it; his speech betrayeth him, not only as to his country and his race, but more subtly yet as to his heart, and the loves and hates of his heart."

How luminous that is! In the light of it we see clearly the essential truth—the truth that only the great man has the great style, and the little, sterile imitators of the mannerisms—mannerisms are always faults—of Lamb and Carlyle, Pater and Mr. Henry James, are vain, vain.—Yes, we can all be literary, we can all write as prettily as you please; but it takes a great and good man to write a great and good book; and the most elaborate workmanship cannot hide, for example, Mr. Kipling's damning worship of aristocratic pomp and power, his damning love of trickery and bluff.

On another page he says of the "stylist" (by this term I mean the stylist so beloved of the average reviewer—the affected writer, the imitator, the shower-off): "The greatest talent is not that which breathes of the library, but that which breathes of the street, the field, the open sky, the simple earth."

To write with a fine style, then, it is first necessary to have a fine mind, and afterwards to express the thoughts of that mind adequately, in a manner breathing not of the library, not of the affectations of this master or of that, but in a manner breathing of the field, the open sky, the simple earth, and one's own heart.

Luminous as to style, Mr. Howells is luminous as to plot, and, praising *Don Quixote,* he says:

"I believe that its free and simple design, where event follows event without the fettering control of intrigue, but where all grows naturally out of character and conditions, is the supreme form of fiction."

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These wise words upon the plot, the movement, of a novel, may be applied to the world's masterpieces. Apply them to *La Terre, Anna Karénina, Robinson Crusoe, Madame Bovary, Crime and Punishment, A Hazard of New Fortunes;* and in each case " event follows event," we find, " without the fettering control of intrigue," and " all grows naturally out of character and conditions." This dictum might well be used as a touchstone for first-rate work.

I turn a page and come upon a weighing of Dickens and Thackeray that strikes me as singularly true, singularly delicate. Mr. Howells read Dickens and Thackeray in his youth, and he shows us why Dickens' influence upon youth is nobler than that of Thackeray:

" There is certainly a property in Thackeray that somehow flatters the reader into the belief that he is better than other people; and with a young man especially he is of an insidiously aristocratic effect. . . . In Dickens the virtue of his social defect is that he never appeals to the principle which sniffs in his reader. The base of his work is the whole breadth and depth of humanity itself. . . . I do not know that he once suffers us to feel our superiority to a fellow-creature through any social accident, or except for some moral cause."

Then, of Thackeray, he goes on:

" With his air of looking down on the highest, and confidentially inviting you to be of his company in the seat of the scorner, he is irresistible; his very confession that he is a snob, too, is balm and solace to the reader who secretly admires the splendors he affects to despise. . . . I exulted to have Thackeray attack the aristocrats, and expose their wicked pride and manners, and I never noticed that he did not propose to do away with aristocracy, which is and must always be just what it has been, and which cannot be changed while it exists at all. He appeared to me one of the noblest creatures that ever was when he derided the shams of society; and I was far from seeing that society, as we have it, was necessarily a sham. . . . Now I know that so long as we have social inequality we shall have snobs; we shall have men who bully and truckle, and women who snub and crawl. . . . He had the effect of taking me into the great world,

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and making me a party to his splendid indifference to titles, and even to royalties, and I could not see that sham for sham he was unwittingly the greatest sham of all."

How true that is! I myself read Dickens and Thackeray in my boyhood—Dickens first, from beginning to end; then Thackeray from beginning to end; and Dickens' effect on me was good, but Thackeray made me an insufferable young snob. I cannot forgive Thackeray for this, and when I recently read how, at a dinner at one of his "great houses," his noble hostess treated him so *du haut en bas* that he made an ugly little scene—like a scene out of one of his own novels—and departed during the fish course, I rejoiced with malignant and devilish rejoicings over the ignoble meanness of it all.

Who but a master could discuss like this the method of Tourguénief?

"The persons are sparely described, and briefly accounted for, and then they are left to transact their affair, whatever it is, with the least possible comment or explanation from the author. . . . When I remembered the deliberate and impertinent moralizing of Thackeray, the clumsy exegesis of George Eliot, the stage-carpentry and lime-lighting of Dickens, even the fine and important analysis of Hawthorne, it was with a joyful astonishment that I realized the great art of Tourguénief."

And who but a master could give us, in a phrase, the essence, the very perfume, of the Russian novelist?

"My gay American horizons were bathed in the vast melancholy of the Slav, patient, agnostic, trustful. . . . Who else but Tourguénief and one's own most secret self ever felt all the rich, sad meaning of the night air drawing in at the open windows, of the fires burning in the darkness of the distant fields?"

But he notes what all must note in Tourguénief—the artfulness into which the great artist at times falls.

I like this. This is criticism. This is the way writers treat of writers, weighing the technique, probing the soul. This makes me surer than ever that only writers can really criticise writers, painters painting, musicians music.

Let me conclude with a passage from Mr. Howells' appreciation of Falstaff. The world has always enjoyed Falstaff, but

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it has enjoyed him without sympathy; its laughter has been cruel. Mr. Howells takes Falstaff seriously, feeling the pathos of him, as we may be sure Shakespeare felt it, witness the episode of the poor old fellow's cash account. And in this passage upon Falstaff I think that the luminous and profound quality of Mr. Howells' criticism is most remarkable:

"I did not read of his death without emotion, and it was a personal pang to me when the prince, crowned king, denied him: blackguard for blackguard, I still think the prince the worse blackguard." And he goes on of the knight. "There is no such perfect conception of the selfish sensualist in literature. I am not sure but I should put him beside Hamlet, and on the same level, for the merit of his artistic completeness. . . . And there was a supreme moment once, when I found myself saying that the creation of Shakespeare was as great as the creation of a planet."

It should be easy to prove, from *London Films, Literary Friends and Acquaintances* and *Literature and Life,* that Mr. Howells is a complete essayist, master of his instrument, running the whole gamut. *Literary Friends and Acquaintances,* aside from its autobiographical value, is valuable for its vivid portraits, drawn in two or three superb lines, of the literary celebrities of the past. What, for example, could evoke more beautifully the soul of Tennyson than the poet's invitation to a guest to mount to the tower of his house when the sun was going down? "Come up," he said, "come up and see the sad English sunset." Who but a poet, who but one to whom words were jewels, could have said that, and who but a *proseur* to whom words are jewels would have chronicled it?

We get the essence, too, of Whitman, Whitman at Pfaff's tavern, of whom Mr. Howells writes: "Then and always he gave me a sense of a sweet and pure soul"; and he returns again to this essential purity of Whitman's—a purity innate in the most sensual, the most animal work, if that work but be sincere—when he speaks of "the spiritual purity which I felt in him no less than the dignity."

There is a picture of Lowell trying to vault a fence:

"He tried twice, and then laughed at his failure, but not

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with any great pleasure, and he was not content till a third trial carried him across. Then he said, 'I commonly do that the first time,' as if it were a frequent habit with him."

How vivid are these glimpses, and how precious is this glimpse of the writer:

"But I have always been willing and even eager to do homage to men who have done something in the sort I wished to do something in myself. I could never recognize any other sort of superiority; but that I am proud to recognize."

There the true artist speaks, the man who knows that his art is the greatest, finest thing in the world. Rodin, I am convinced, feels like this about sculpture. Richard Strauss feels like this about music. Nijinsky, the incomparable Nijinsky, feels like this about dancing. Only those who feel like this ever achieve the supreme achievements.

The humor of the essays is that very high sort which is based on close and delicate observation, humor true, unexaggerated—life itself. Thus, in a sketch of certain New England types, he tells us of a New England conductor's retort to a lady who complained about the speed of the trolley car—"That motorman's life is just as precious to him as yours is to you." And in *Rockaway Beach* the humor lies in the simple statement of a few beautifully selected facts—"Here and there a gentleman was teaching a lady to swim, with his arms around her; here and there a wild nereid was splashing another; a young Jew pursued a flight of naiads with a section of dead eel in his hand."

And this humor, relying solely upon the closest, the most delicate observation, is splendidly illustrated again in the episode of the publication of *Venetian Life,* one of Mr. Howells' most successful books. Mr. Howells, then young and unknown, tried to get Mr. Hurd, of Hurd and Houghton, to bring out *Venetian Life,* and, in the end, he succeeded:

"But it was not till some months later, when I saw him in New York, that he consented to publish my book. I remember how he said, with an air of vague misgiving, and an effect of trying to justify himself in an imprudence, that it was not a great matter anyway. I perceived that he had no faith in it, and to tell the truth I had not much myself."

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Good Mr. Hurd! I see him as clearly as some old friend, with his air of vague misgiving, saying it was no great matter anyway. I see him, I like him, and I am heartily glad for his sake that *Venetian Life* turned out so well.

Humor like this, depending for its effect on absolute truth, on absolute, vivid life, is at once the deepest, the finest, the most difficult. It makes us know to the heart the people it plays upon. We know them, we smile over them, with the perfect sympathy, the perfect understanding and friendship, that we feel for little children. Most illuminating humor, it is yet so simple that it looks easy. It looks easy—till we try it.

The truth, the restraint, the delicacy of the humor of these essays is equalled by the truth, the restraint, the delicacy of their pathos. It is impossible to read without profound emotion, without a profound sense of personal responsibility, Mr. Howells' wonderful description of the "bread line" as seen by a fur-coated gentleman in a coupé one freezing midnight during the Christmas holidays:

"He noticed how still some of them were. A few of them stepped a little out of the line, and stamped to shake off the cold; but all the rest remained motionless, shrinking into themselves, and closer together. They might have been their own dismal ghosts, they were so still. . . ."

How mournful, how beautiful, the movement of that prose! Modern prose like that, did the average reader but know it, has greater distinction, is far more carefully pondered, than the verse of the poets of the past. But the supreme touch comes when the fur-coated gentleman, after a number of fantastic imaginings about those poor, poor wretches waiting in the cold, wonders:

"How was it with them, when the coffle worked slowly and swiftly past the door where the bread and coffee were given out, and word passed to the rear that the supply was exhausted? This must sometimes happen, and what did they do then?"

Our responsibility, our personal responsibility, for all such horrors as bread lines is set forth subtly and powerfully:

—"and as the coupé passed them they all turned and faced it, like soldiers under review making ready to salute a superior.

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They were perfectly silent, perfectly respectful, but their eyes seemed to pierce the coupé through and through."

I shall conclude this study of Mr. Howells as essayist with a passage of sheer brilliance, a passage for the literary virtuoso. It is a description of a bright winter morning of bitter cold in New York, and its wonderful effect is got by a superb insistence on the quality of " hardness " in such weather. Hardness, if one stops to think of it, is truly the essential quality of our cold weather, but when was this hardness so well brought out before?

" The morning was extremely cold. It professed to be sunny, and there was really some sort of hard glitter in the air which, so far from being tempered by this effulgence, seemed all the stonier for it. Blasts of frigid wind swept the streets, and buffeted each other in a fury of resentment when they met around the corners. . . . The butchers' windows were painted with patterns of frost, through which I could dimly see the frozen meat hanging like hideous stalactites from the roof. When I came to the river, I ached in sympathy with the shipping painfully a-tilt on the rocklike surface of the brine, which broke against the piers, and sprayed itself over them like showers of powdered quartz."

The " stony " air's " hard glitter," the frozen meat hanging from the butcher's ceiling " like hideous stalactites," the shipping a-tilt on the " rocklike surface of the brine," the spray resembling " powdered quartz "—this passage has, for those who love the technique of writing, a remarkable distinction. I have heard of a Western college that recently adopted one of Mr. Galsworthy's rather slight, rather tricky novels as a manual, in its literary course, of all a novel should be. Mr. Galsworthy is very well in his way, but for a literary professor to prefer Mr. Galsworthy to Mr. Howells seems to me as damning as it would be for a professor of painting to prefer Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws to Whistler, or for a professor of sculpture to prefer a " Rogers group " to Rodin's *Baiser,* or *Penseur.*

But it is, of course, as a novelist, a creator, that Mr. Howells best reveals his genius. What is the essential quality of his genius? It is a love, a veneration, for the truth, which makes of this tenderest, gentlest writer also the most pitiless, the most relentless.

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Mr. Howells once, in an appreciation of Paul Dunbar, said in his illuminating way that an artist's real work was always that which no one but himself could have done. Thus he pointed out that Dunbar's more ambitious verses might have come from any one of half a dozen minor poets, but not Shelley, not Keats, could have written his lyrics in dialect, those lyrics so sweet and gay, so tender and musical and smiling.

In like manner I would say that Mr. Howells' unique quality, the quality that no one else has ever shown, is a strange and wonderful commingling of the tender with the relentless, the sympathetic with the unsparing. He feels for us poor mortals as profoundly as any writer ever felt for us; he loves us, he is only too glad to paint our very best side. But our very worst side, too, he is compelled to paint. For his love of truth, a love to which he will never be false, suffers him to stoop to no idealization, to no perjury. He paints us tenderly, but he paints us relentlessly. Thus, in *The Landlord at Lion's Head,* his study of Whitwell—that superb study of the untrained American mind seeking so pathetically after knowledge—does not fail to include the extortion which Whitwell practised in a business deal. And thus his superb study of a happy marriage, in *A Hazard of New Fortunes,* does not fail to include the foolish squabbles, the sad bickerings, that must be a part even of the happiest marriages till mankind becomes perfected.

A tender relentlessness, an unsparing pity—it is this strange quality in Mr. Howells which has carried him furthest. He loves man, no writer ever loved man more; but his love of truth is greater than his love of man. And hence, borne on by those passionate and contending loves, he gives us studies—studies of the simple, common things about us—that have a significance and a profundity undreamed of before his day—studies heartbreaking in their tenderness and in their cruelty—if cruelty were not, somehow, a word impossible to apply to Mr. Howells.

But in the end a novelist stands or falls by the life of the characters he has created. A writer may possess many rare, many wonderful qualities; but, if he essays to be a novelist, to create men and women, his men and women must live, even as our fathers and mothers and friends live, or, as novelist, he is a

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failure. How triumphantly Mr. Howells responds to this test! What a vast and shining company his men and women are! Lemuel Barker, March, Bartley Hubbard, Silas Lapham, Mrs. Dryfoos, the Coreys—what a living procession, what an epitome of modern American life!

The Landlord at Lion's Head is one of Mr. Howells' best novels. To me there is something of the spell of an autumn evening in the book, an autumn evening in New England, cold and still and strange, a little eerie, perhaps, a little sad, but, in its strange, chill way, very sweet, very beautiful, very clean. Pure and wild, wistful and strange, evoking the autumnal twilight of the New England mountains—so I feel this novel of a New England summer hotel, its progress, and the progress of its proprietors and certain of its guests.

It opens wonderfully. Like the opening strains of a splendid opera is the first chapter, the lonely farmhouse at the foot of Lion's Head Mountain, the strong, capable, beautiful wife with her one hale child, the consumptive husband and his consumptive sons, the family graveyard where the other children, overcome by the hereditary taint, lie side by side. Lion's Head was a spot "primitively solitary and savage. A stony mountain road followed the bed of the torrent that brawled through the valley at its base, and at a certain point a still rougher lane climbed from the road along the side of the opposite height to a lonely farmhouse pushed back on a narrow shelf of land, with a meagre acreage of field and pasture broken out of the woods that clothed all the neighboring steeps."

The place, worthless for farming, is so beautiful, its climate is so superb, that a painter, Jere Westover, suggests its transformation into an hotel. An hotel, accordingly, it becomes; and very admirably does Mr. Howells describe the hotel's growth—first a simple boarding-house, then a plain New England hotel, then a great, expensive, ugly barn of a place, still most New England in character, and finally, under the conduct of Jeff, the hero, a modern hotel of the first class, superb as the hotels of Nice or Cannes. Of Mr. Howells' story of the hotel's progress one may say what he himself so beautifully says of Mrs. Durgin's story of it—"an interesting story and pathetic, like all

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stories of human endeavor; the effects of the most selfish ambition have something of this interest."

The hotel binds the novel together. Yet it never obtrudes itself. I doubt if there are five thousand words about it, all told. But there it always is, we are always conscious of it, and every now and then we get some tantalizing and masterly description which makes us long for more—a description, for example, of the dishwashing:

"She tried to conceal her pride in the busy scene—the waitresses pushing in through one valve of the double-hinged doors with their empty trays, and out through the other with the trays full laden; delivering their dishes with the broken victual at the wicket, where the untouched portions were put aside and the rest poured into the waste; following in procession along the reeking steam-table, with its great tanks of soup and vegetables, where the carvers stood with the joints and the trussed fowls smoking before them, which they sliced with quick sweeps of their blades; or waiting their turn at the board where the little plates with portions of fruit and dessert stood ready. All went regularly on amid a clatter of knives and voices and dishes, and the clashing rise and fall of the wire baskets plunging the soiled crockery into misty depths, whence it came up clean and dry without the touch of finger or towel."

It is Mrs. Durgin, the strong, beautiful woman, who makes the hotel. Mr. Howells draws her with amazing skill; we know from the beginning that she is a capable of the capables. Take, for example, her good-humored eagerness to learn to make good coffee.

"'I want you should have good coffee,'" she says to Jere Westover, fresh from Paris and the coffee of the Franks—"'I want you should have good coffee, and I guess I ain't too old to learn, if you want to show me.'"

A New England housewife who will accept her coffee's censoring and good-humoredly ask its censor to teach her to make better—of what, indeed, would she not be capable?

Jeff Durgin, the hero, is the least "sympathetic" character in the book; handsome, strong, callous, vindictive, successful; one of those types we so often meet in life, one of those types

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which only Mr. Howells dares to paint full length. Jeff goes to Harvard, he jilts a girl, he gets a horsewhipping. But we never despise him, we never loathe him—he is so human, his case is so superbly set before us, we regard him with a tolerant liking, and, even at his worst, with a kind of respect—so alive is he, so strong.

We especially respect him when, at last, in a lonely wood, he gets Alan Lynde in his power. It was Alan's sister he had jilted, and Alan had horsewhipped him in consequence; but, though Alan is a great aristocrat, there was nothing heroic in that horsewhipping. On the contrary, it was, just like all the actual horsewhippings of real life, cruel, brutal, even rather cowardly. And now, at last, Jeff comes on Alan in a lonely wood. They fight, but Jeff is a young Hercules. He soon throws Alan. Beside himself with murderous hate and fury, he grips Alan's throat in his strong hands. He is about to kill—when——

"He glared down into his enemy's face, and suddenly it looked pitifully little and weak, like a girl's face, a child's."

Yes, there is good in Jeff—a certain magnanimity—he lets Alan go—And what a thrill the reader gets from the mournful modulations of the lines, "He glared down into his enemy's face, and suddenly it looked pitifully little and weak, like a girl's face, a child's."

Poor Jeff, earlier in the story, is the hero of one of the most significant episodes, the picnic episode, that I have ever read. This episode gives, in a single symbol, it seems to me, the whole secret of our enigmatical American life. The guests at Lion's Head, which is still not much more than a boarding-house, are to have a picnic—a picnic where Westover is to read Browning aloud—and Jeff, a youth of eighteen or so, brings the picnic luncheon in the dearborn. Jeff is got up in his very best, bang and knickers and what-not; and it is evident that he would gladly stay for the picnic if he were to be invited. But the lady, the officious lady who always rules at picnics, puts him delicately in his place. As he stands, in all his bravery, among the guests, she fills a plate with food and extends it to him, saying, "I suppose you have to get back to your horses, Jeff, and you shall be first served." Poor Jeff, with his bang and knickers, his "prep.

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school" in the background and Harvard in the foreground, is stabbed, of course, to the heart. He refuses the victuals coldly. He stalks in silence away. What an episode! How impossible in any other land; how inevitable with us! And what a flood of clear light it sheds on all our brave and foolish striving after social equality on the one hand, and all our brave and foolish refusal of social equality on the other.

At great length the next morning the ladies discuss the picnic episode on the piazza. They decide that the presuming Jeff was rightly served. They ask Westover what he thinks about it. With Westover's answer I heartily agree; and, in the belief that Mr. Howells heartily agrees with it himself, I give it here.—"I suppose," says Westover, "that as long as one person believes himself or herself socially better than another, it must always be a fresh problem what to do in every given case." *Socially* better, be it noted. And that is one of Mr. Howells' attitudes, an attitude of absolute denial of the justice of social superiority ever. A bad duke, in Mr. Howells' books, is the inferior of a good crossing-sweeper. And then, as the officious lady of the picnic is preening herself among her friends, Mrs. Durgin appears and—turns her out of the hotel!

An ugly episode, a pitiless episode; but how illuminating! This episode, it appears to me, reveals the very heart of our American social life. It gives a deeper insight into American conditions than could be got from a dozen social histories. And Mrs. Durgin's point of view is set forth very beautifully. She says of the lady who put Jeff in his place:

"If she didn't want him to stay, all she had to do was to do nothin'. But to make him up a plate before everybody, and hand it to him to eat with the horses, like a tramp or a dog——"

Mr. Howells, it will be seen, preaches sincerely the social equality which Christ preached. Till that equality comes, he will not be content with our conditions.

Whitwell, an elderly ex-farmer, is a striking study of the alert and curious American mind that, buried in the backwoods, must slake its intellectual thirst upon spiritualism, planchettes, and suchlike fooleries. Whitwell, given the opportunity, would

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be a highly educated man; and, even as things are, he is no fool. But there is a pathos about him, the pathos of all lost things, of all waste, and this pathos Mr. Howells brings out very subtly. Whitwell, throughout, is strangely vivid; upon his portrait Mr. Howells has lavished his finest touches. What could be finer than this?

"Whitwell, as Westover divined the man to be, took a seat himself on a high stump, which suited his length of leg, and courteously waved Westover to a place on the log in front of him. . . . 'Well, well!' he said, with the air of wishing the talk to go on, but without having anything immediately to offer himself."

How wonderfully fine is that "Well, well!" There we have Mr. Howells as humorist at his very best, painting so vividly for us the embarrassment of a conversational pause, an embarrassment we have all participated in a hundred times, that we break into an involuntary, friendly chuckle, and thereafter know the character thus embarrassed as we know our best friends.

But the portrait is full of just such touches——

"As Jeff passed Whitwell's cottage in setting out on his stroll he saw the philosopher through the window, seated with his legs on the table, his hat pushed back, and his spectacles fallen to the point of his nose, reading, and moving his lips as he read."

We like Whitwell tremendously, but we leave him with our liking chastened by his Yankee meanness at a bargain. Jeff, with his superb hotel, must have Whitwell's little house and clearing, and Whitwell bleeds the young man without mercy. Whitwell's recital of the bleeding is too good to omit:

"'I guess he see he had a gentleman to deal with, and we didn't say a word more. Don't you think I done right to sell to him? I couldn't 'a' got more'n thirty-five hundred out the other feller, to save me, and before Jeff began his improvements I couldn't 'a' realized a thousand dollars on the prop'ty.'

"'I think you did right to sell to him,' said Westover, saddened somewhat by the proof Whitwell alleged of his magnanimity.

"'Well, sir, I'm glad you do. I don't believe in crowdin' a man because you got him in a corner, an' I don't believe in

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bearin' malice. *Never* did. All I wanted was what the place was wo'th—to him. 'Twan't wo'th nothin' to me!' "

Subsidiary characters, but very living ones, are Alan and Bessie Lynde, brother and sister, children of an aristocratic and rich house, who have inherited a strange, nervous restlessness—morbid types, Alan a drunkard, Bessie a coquette upon the verge of something worse. Mr. Howells handles morbid types as well as the most outrageous Frenchman or Italian does; but he keeps them in the background, only giving them in his scheme that proportion which they actually have in real life. Alan and Bessie reveal themselves well in the scrap of dialogue wherein the brother takes the sister to task for flirting with Jeff, the upstart, the "jay":

"'Well, you'd better let him alone, after this,' he said, at the end.

"'Yes,' she pensively assented. 'I suppose it's as if you took to some very common kind of whiskey; isn't it? I see what you mean. If one must, it ought to be champagne.'

"She turned upon him a look of that keen but limited knowledge which renders women's conjectures of evil always so amusing, or so pathetic, to men.

"'Better let the champagne alone, too,' said her brother, darkly."

It was Bessie Lynde whom Jeff jilted, and Jeff, at that, was betrothed himself at the time. But we get Jeff's point of view clearly. The thing was not really quite so bad as it appeared. Jeff, the "jay," the rejected of Harvard, "saw other young men made much of, when he didn't get any notice, and when he had the chance to pay them back with a girl of their own set that was trying to make a fool of him——" Yes, we get Jeff's point of view.

And Jeff, in the end, marries the girl of his choice, the big barn of an hotel burns down, and the young man, sole proprietor since his mother's and brother's death, builds with the insurance money another "Lion's Head," the wonder of New England, a Monte Carlo or Cannes hostelry, set amid the sweet, wild, rugged beauties, the crystal and invigorating air, of the New England mountains.—Jeff even destroys the family graveyard.

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At least he gets his architect to " treat " it, so that, with its vines and flowers and mossy stones, it passes for a desirable graveyard hundreds of years old instead of for the ghastly modern one it is.

A strange novel, steeped in New England twilight, eerie and cold; and across this twilight stalks the full-blooded figure of Jeff Durgin, a study, unique and profound, of a type we have all known—the handsome, revengeful, bold, narrow, callous, successful man of affairs.

A Hazard of New Fortunes, one of Mr. Howells' later novels, is to my mind his masterpiece. I deem it his masterpiece on account of the exhaustive and profound study of marriage it contains—a study of the typical or average marriage—and also on account of the symmetry and grandeur of its construction, the happiness of its most illuminating episodes, the perfect logic of its swift progression, and, above all, the life, the vivid life, of its splendidly and powerfully drawn characters—March, Dryfoos, Conrad, Mrs. Dryfoos, Isabel, Fulkerson——names that evoke in our minds figures as living as those of our fathers and our mothers.

A Hazard of New Fortunes is a long novel. It is perhaps more than 150,000 words in length. Yet, from start to finish, there is not a commonplace or obvious line in it. Like a perfect sonnet the huge work sparkles and glows everywhere. In its composition Mr. Howells must have been, from start to finish, in his happiest mood.

It is interesting, it is profitable, to examine the construction of a masterpiece. The backbone of this masterpiece is a timid and anxious " hazard of new fortunes " on the part of the Marches, a middle-aged couple who abandon the insurance business in Boston in order to establish a magazine in New York.

How interesting that is! What a happy idea! March, poor fellow, has been no great success in the insurance business; he has gone for some time in fear of demotion, his young assistant threatening to supplant him; and now, when the editorship of a new magazine is proffered, the chance, uncertain as such a chance must be, seems almost like a godsend to him. But Isabel——

Isabel, Mrs. March, objects. They quarrel. Yes, over this crisis in their lives, a crisis demanding the coolest reasoning, the

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calmest argument, they quarrel pitiably. It is heartbreaking. And the next morning the resentment of their quarrel still separates them:

"But he left her to brood over his ingratitude, and she suffered him to go heavy and unfriended to meet the chances of the day."

Ex pede Herculem: and from those beautiful and sad lines the reader may perceive the profundity, the sympathy, and the relentlessness of this study of marriage which runs through the book.

The Marches go to New York. The magazine is established. And about the constant interest of the magazine there is the constant interest of the group of men and their families linked together by it, rising or falling by it—the interest of diverse characters clashing and agreeing, compelling and resisting, influencing one another for good and for bad. Upon this base Mr. Howells builds up his wonderful book, his wonderful study of New York life.

And he who would write a novel on the grand scale might well study this construction. The magazine, binding the tale so beautifully together, solves the long novel's most difficult problem, the problem of being large and at the same time firm, of being comprehensive but never rambling, of managing a long story so that it does not sag in the middle. The novel on the grand scale is very popular to-day; but I, for my part, would like it better if its constructors would study Mr. Howells.

Fulkerson, the magazine's manager, is to my thinking our best portrait of the American business man. Fulkerson is not the fiend that the younger school of "powerful" writers has imagined the American business man to be; but Fulkerson is not an angel, either. He is, in a word, the American business man as we all know him—a great joker, a kind heart, honest, faithful. *Honest, faithful,* I say; and so he is by every-day standards, by business standards. But suppose the head of the concern wished to discharge a good workman for unjust reasons: would our honest, faithful Fulkerson stand by the poor fellow at the risk of losing his own job? This is the test wherewith Mr. Howells probes Fulkerson to the bone. And Fulkerson—good fellow,

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funny man, kind heart that he is—Fulkerson for a time makes a very poor showing. He wabbles lamentably—as the reader would perhaps wabble. But he comes out pretty well in the end —as the reader would perhaps come out—and yet, in the end, it is quite clear that our Fulkersons, our business men, are not the highest type of man that philosophy has thus far dreamed of. Fulkerson is a good fellow, a great joker, honest and faithful and kind—by all the business standards. I like him best when, touched by love, he says to March, "I tell you, March, when I get to pushing that mower round, and the colonel is smoking his cigar in the gallery, and those girls are pottering over the flowers, one of these soft evenings after dinner, I feel like a human being."

My heavy, hasty hand does scant justice to Fulkerson; it must do scant justice to the spiritual beauty of Conrad Dryfoos. Conrad Dryfoos, a millionaire's son, is one of the most distinctive characterizations Mr. Howells has ever given us. A gentle, exalted, unhappy creature, Conrad comes to a tragic and a befitting end: he, whose whole life has been a sacrifice, dies, in a car strike, sacrificing himself in the effort to make peace amongst a band of rioters. Conrad's presentation is a literary problem of great interest. He says little; he is always blushing; he is awkward, rather ugly, with a big nose; and yet, whenever he appears, the beauty of his unselfish and exalted soul strikes us like a strain of music, and involuntarily we rise to the high spiritual plane whereon he walks. How is this done? Conrad makes no heroic speeches, his character is not analyzed. How is it done? Well, it is done, I think, by the magic of perfect sympathy. Mr. Howells feels Conrad Dryfoos so well, we too feel him, through a kind of thought transference, a kind of hypnotism. It is thus, without a spoken word, that great actors drive their personalities home to our hearts across the footlights. Thus Ibsen, in a dozen lines, painted in Hilda Wangel, the immortal portrait of a young girl, her beauty, her cruelty, her mystery.

Old Dryfoos is a study of another type of business man than Fulkerson. Dryfoos is the money-making machine—he grows rich as inevitably as the rest of us grow old. No subtle questions of business morality disturb this rugged soul; but in his

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domestic relations, his relations with his wife and son and daughters, Dryfoos, too, is probed to the depths, and sad beyond words is the story of the old man's tragedy.

There is one scene, in their sumptuous New York house, where Dryfoos and his wife, always constrained and awkward (for they remain simple country folk to the end) talk of their earlier, happier life back on the farm, talk of the beehives, the sumachs, and the children's graves. I mention this scene because it opens with a touch of the rarest genius. The two girls, Mela and Christine, are entertaining a young man in the drawing-room; the old folks are alone in the library; and a burst of laughter awakens Dryfoos from his after-dinner nap. "Was I snoring?" he asks his old wife.—How homely, how moving, that is! How perfectly it sets the note for the homely, simple, melancholy talk that follows, the talk about the beehives and the little graves that have perhaps been violated in the search for oil. But who save Mr. Howells could strike such high, rare beauty from so commonplace a scene—who save Mr. Howells could see its poetry, its pathos—an old man starting awake at the sound of youthful laughter, and anxiously asking his old wife, "Was I snoring?"

Beaton is a subtle study of a futile artist—the artist who fails through lack of imagination and sympathy; and the two untrained and crude Dryfoos girls, Mela and Christine, give a touch of side-splitting comedy to this large and noble book; though it is true that Christine, the panther type, also affects us painfully and powerfully in her unfortunate love affair with Beaton. The portraits of Mela and Christine are rich in true and happy touches of humor. Thus, on the way home from a party, after Mela, who is a great chatterbox, has complimented Christine on her success with the young men, Christine retorts, "'Who was that fellow with you so long? I suppose you turned yourself inside out to him, like you always do.' Mela was transported by the cruel ingratitude. 'It's a lie! I didn't tell him a single thing.'"

A touch as excellent is where the two girls, from the upper hallway, witness, unseen themselves, the arrival of their father's guests. When Mela's admirer comes, Christine pinches her; then——

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" . . . when Beaton came, Mela returned the pinch, but awkwardly, so that it hurt, and then Christine involuntarily struck her."

Humor like this, side-splitting as the best humor of Mark Twain, we associate with just humorous, just funny books. In what other writer do we find such humor set beside tragedy? The tragedy of *A Hazard of New Fortunes* is profound. Old Dryfoos has destined his son for a financier; he hates the strange, spiritual beauty of the young man's mind which he can never understand; the day Conrad died Dryfoos had struck him, and on the dead youth's brow the mark of that blow remains. I quote the description of Dryfoos before his son's body—I quote it in order to show the splendid beauty to which Mr. Howells' prose, always so simple and clear, rises without any trace of effort, without any loss of its pure simplicity. The father sees the wound:

" Dryfoos saw it, too, the wound that he had feared to look for, and that now seemed to redden on his sight. He broke into a low wavering cry, like a child's in despair, like an animal's in terror, like a soul's in the anguish of remorse."

In this long, enthralling novel, built up so firmly on the grand scale, there are many vivid subsidiary characters, many episodes as significant and illuminating as the picnic episode of *The Landlord at Lion's Head*. But the book's best feature, to my mind, is its study of marriage—a " happy marriage," after the first fifteen or twenty years of it are past.

March is a wonderful creation. Was ever portrait so vivid and profound done with a touch so light, so gay? Isabel, though less elaborately, is not less vividly presented. Through these two good and gentle souls Mr. Howells relentlessly shows us all the uglinesses of marriage even when it is happy. He shows us the quarrels that attend on every crisis. He shows us the continual clashes and sneers and contradictions, the almost perverse habit the married have of taking opposite sides on every question. But if he shows us these quarrels that must do duty for argument, he also shows us their outcome—an outcome reasonable and good, the same outcome, after all, as would have followed calm deliberation. And as a consequence of this study

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we see plainly that, man and his conditions being what they are, marriage is the best state, the only state, for all of us.

It is interesting to consider Mr. Howells' method as a novelist. After constructing a plan so happy, so inevitable, that it seems to have constructed itself—that it seems more a process of selection than of construction—he sets the scene, and, thereafter, the characters do all the talking, all the thinking. The author only sets the scene—sets it delicately, vividly—and we do not quite know, unless we keep our eyes open, whom he sympathizes with, whom he favors. He does not, indeed, wholly favor anybody: he never paints us ideal and perfect creatures that he could wholly favor: his people live before us like our own friends, now wise, now silly, now heroic, now rather mean. I doubt if even Tolstoy has had the courage to paint us in our many-sidedness as Mr. Howells has so successfully done. So successfully done, I say: for the sum total, the final impression, of these many-sided characters is never blurred or confused; we know quite well in the end whether Fulkerson and Lemuel Barker, whether Bartley Hubbard and Mela are good or bad, nice or horrid—just as we know these things about our intimates in real life.

Thus painting man in his many-sidedness, Mr. Howells never obtrudes himself; and, inasmuch as he gives every character a "square deal," some readers and some critics, like me in my childhood, may think that he upholds what he does not uphold—upholds snobbishness, exclusiveness, eavesdropping wives. But it is only the stupid critic, the careless reader, who falls into this error. I once heard an English critic call Mr. Howells "provincial"; but this critic, as his books show, has never grown up. He reads as I read when I was a little boy. For Mr. Howells, in every moral problem, subtly, through the mouth of some character—as, for example, through Westover's mouth in the problem of the picnic—gives us his own view. We must keep our eyes open, however, we must read alertly, to get it. Yet Mr. Howells is never obscure. He is always, on the contrary, of a crystal clearness, holding, as I think the greatest writers hold, that obscurity is but a synonym for carelessness and hurry.

This, then, is Mr. Howells' method—to set the scene, and, thereafter, to let the characters of themselves work out the story

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to its inevitable end. Such was the method of Tourguénief, of Flaubert, of Tolstoy. Such is now the method of Mr. H. G. Wells. If not the best, it is certainly the simplest, the directest method.

How are we to account for the phenomenon of a Howells, the phenomenon of this stupendous mass of delicate work, the phenomenon of the lifelong devotion to his art of this artist so sympathetic and so relentless? Well, the conditions, in the first place, were ideal. Mr. Howells says of his boyhood, of his father, the country editor:

"I think now that he was wise not to care for the advancement which most of us have our hearts set upon, and that it was one of his finest qualities that he was content with a lot in life where he was not exempt from work with his hands, and yet where he was not so pressed by need but he could give himself at will not only to the things of the spirit, but the things of the mind too. . . . I suppose that as the world goes now we were poor. His income was never above twelve hundred a year, and his family was large; but nobody was rich there or then; we lived in the simple abundance of that time and place, and we did not know that we were poor. As yet the unequal modern conditions were undreamed of (who indeed could have dreamed of them forty or fifty years ago?) in the little Southern Ohio town where nearly the whole of my most happy boyhood was passed."

Again he says:

"My day began about seven o'clock, in the printing-office, where it took me till noon to do my task of so many thousand ems, say four or five. Then we had dinner, after the simple fashion of people who work with their hands for their dinners. In the afternoon I went back and corrected the proof of the type I had set, and distributed my case for the next day. At two or three o'clock I was free, and then I went home and began my studies; or tried to write something; or read a book. We had supper at five or six, and after that I rejoiced in literature, till I went to bed at ten or eleven."

In these ideal conditions, then, in this Ohio town where the spiritual was rated so high above the material, the lad grew up, gifted with a mind of rare distinction, and blessed, as he has told

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us in another place, with an insatiable love of letters and an unconquerable belief in the art of letters as the best and finest and fairest thing on earth. Is it any wonder, then, that he succeeded? Is it not easy to account for him? The mind rarely gifted, the ideal conditions, the unconquerable literary passion—granted these things, the only other need was a life's devotion. This he has given gladly. And his works remain. They are America's most splendid contribution to literature.

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THE ETERNAL MAIDEN

T. Everett Harré

VIII

"For a long black hour of horror they were driven over the thundering seas and through a frigid whirlwind of snow sharp as flakes of steel . . ."

"Seeing Ootah turn slightly toward Annadoah, Maisanguaq sprang at his throat. Their arms closed about one another . . . The floe rocked beneath them—they slipped to and fro on the slippery ice . . . About them the frightful darkness roared; they felt the heaving sea under them. And while they struggled in their brief death-to-death fight, the floe was tossed steadily onward."

The long night began to lift its sable pall, and at midday, for a brief period, a pale glow appeared above the eastern horizon. In this brief spell of daily increasing twilight the desolate region took on a gray-blue hue; the natives, as they appeared outside their shelters, looked like grayish spectres. Ootah felt the grim gray desolation color his soul.

He had regained his strength, and his wounds had healed with the remarkable rapidity that nature effects in people who lead a primitive life; only the hurt in his heart remained. Annadoah had often visited him, and while he lay on his bed of furs boiled *ahmingmah* meat and made hot water over the lamp very solicitously. Once, half-hesitating, she looked into his eyes, and as though she had a confession to make, said quietly:

"Thou art very brave, Ootah."

This pleased him—once she had said he had the heart of a woman.

He had thrilled when she soothed him, and now he was half sorry that the injuries no longer needed attention. He loved Annadoah more deeply than ever, and his greatest concern was for her. He might win her—yes, perhaps some day, but he could not forget that, whenever she had touched him with tenderness, she thought of Olafaksoah.

Standing before his igloo, musing upon these things, Ootah espied in the semi-light a dark speck moving on the ice.

"*Nannook!* (Bear)," he called, and the men rushed from their igloos. Without pausing to get his gun Ootah ran down to the ice-sheeted shore. Nature, as if repenting of her bitterness, had sent milder weather, and the bear, emerging from its winter retreat, made its way over the ice in search of seal. Lifting his harpoon, Ootah attacked the bear. It rose on its haunches and parried the thrusts. A half-dozen lean dogs came dashing from the shelters and jumped about the creature, The bear grunted viciously—the dogs howled. The bear was lean and faint from hunger, and its fight was brief—the harpoons of four natives pierced the gaunt body. The bear meat was divided after the communal custom of the tribe, and the gnawing of their stomachs was again somewhat appeased. Some days later three bears were killed near the village. The hearts of the tribe arose, for spring was surely dawning.

Early in March Arnaluk, skirmishing along the shore, saw a bear disappearing in the distance. The animal was making its direction seaward,

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and this indicated to the astute native that its quick senses had detected the presence of seal.

"Ootah! Ootah!" he called. "Attalaq! Attalaq!" The two tribesmen responded. With harpoons and lances they followed the trail of the bear. Less than a mile from shore they found it sitting near a seal blow hole in the ice. At the sight of the men it fled. A close inspection resulted in the discovery of a half dozen blow holes—or open places to which the seal rise under the ice and come to the surface to breathe. For a long while the men waited. Standing near the holes, their weapons ready to strike, they imitated the call of seals. Finally there was a snorting noise beneath one of the holes. Ootah detected a slight rise of vapor. Attalaq's harpoon descended. A joyous cry arose. Breaking open the ice about the hole a seal was drawn to the surface. Daily visits were thereafter made to the vicinity and the hunters, patiently watching near the holes, succeeded in catching several seals. Other blow holes were later detected along the ice, then they disappeared and for a period no seal rewarded the hunters.

The weather continued to moderate, and these excursions on the sea ice became more and more dangerous. One day Attalaq and Ootah, while walking along the shore, heard a familiar call in the far distance, out toward the open sea.

"Walrus," said Ootah, the zest of the hunt tingling in his veins.

"But the danger is great—the ice splits," said Attalaq.

"But we need food." Ootah thought of Annadoah. She had not been well, she needed food—that was sufficient. Moreover, he thought of the children; three were dying of lack of food. So he called the tribesmen and gave the signal for preparations to depart. A selection had to be made of the best dogs for the dangerous trip. Few dogs remained in the village; many had been frozen by the bitter cold; others had to be killed as food for their companions; some had occasionally been devoured by the famished natives. And this the desperate people had done with reluctance and great sorrow—for, as I have said, a native loves his dog but little less than his child.

Ootah in the lead, with five others, started on the hunt, with three sledges, each of which was drawn by a team of five lean, hungry dogs. After some urging Maisanguaq had sullenly consented to accompany the party.

Joy flushed the natives' skin, for a thin film of sunlight trembled low over the eastern horizon. As they sped northward past great promontories they saw several auks. Later two ptarmigan were spotted, and still later an eider duck. They began chanting songs of the race.

Quickly, however, the brief sunlight faded, heavy gray clouds piled along the sky-line, the atmosphere became perceptibly warmer, and intermittent gusts of wind blew downward from the inland mountains.

They directed their steps over the ice to a distant black spot, somewhat more than a mile away, which they knew to be open water. There, if there were any, the walrus would be found. As they were marching, a very faint crackling noise vibrated through the ice under their feet. They ceased singing. Four of the party paused and would have turned back. Ootah urged them onward. They paced off half a mile. The wind increased in volume and whined dolefully. Their steps lagged. Suddenly they heard the harsh nasal bellow they knew so well. The hearts of all expanded with the joy of the hunt.

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The dogs howled hungrily and with tails swishing savagely, tore ahead. As they approached the edge of the sea ice they passed great lakes of open water. The twilight still continued to thicken, the wind came in increasingly furious blasts. Nearer and nearer came the low call of walrus bulls.

In the lake of lapping black water, about five hundred feet from the open sea, a small herd rose to the surface intermittently for breath. In the deep gloom the hunters saw fountains of spray ascending as they breathed. Hitching their dogs to harpoon stakes driven in the ice, they separated and quietly took positions about the open water.

"Wu-r-r!" The low walrus call rose over the ice. Ootah leaned over the edge of the ice and imitated the animal cry. "Woor-r," Maisanguaq, near him, replied. The water seethed, and two glistening white tusks appeared. Ootah raised his harpoon—it hissingly cut the air. A terrific bellow followed. The little lake seethed. A dozen fiery eyes, of a phosphorescent green, appeared above the water. Maisanguaq struck, so did Arnaluk. They let out their harpoon lines—the savage beasts dove downward, then rose for breath. In their frantic struggle their heads beat against the ice about the edge of the lake. The natives fled backward—the ice broke into thousands of fragments. Each time the animals came up the hunters delivered more harpoons. In the gathering gloom they had to aim by instinct. For an hour the struggle between the alert men and the enraged beasts continued. Several times Ootah and Arnaluk fired their guns as the green eyes appeared so as to finish the task of killing.

Meanwhile the gray reflection of the descending sun entirely faded along the horizon; a bluish gloom blotted out the landscape. The wind swept over the ice with fiendish hisses. With a quick change the air became colder and snow flakes fell. The natives became alarmed. As they were drawing the first walrus to the ice a sound, like the discharge of a gun beneath the sea, startled them. Seizing their knives they dexterously fell upon the animal and lifted the meat and blubber in long slices from the bones. A great quantity was cast to the ravenous dogs. Two more walrus were lumberingly drawn to the ice; the first sledge load and two hunters started shoreward; soon the second sledge was loaded. Ootah and Maisanguaq remained to dress the third beast.

Like scorpions in the hands of the mighty *tornarssuit* the wind now steadily beat upon the ice. The two men were almost lifted from their feet. Not far away they heard the tumultuous crash of the rising waves. As they were lashing the blubber to Ootah's sledge, a resounding detonation vibrated through the ice under him—the field on which they stood slowly but unmistakably began to move!

Maisanguaq spoke. The wind drowned his voice. Above its clamor they heard the ice separating with the splitting sound of artillery. Whipped by the terrific gale the snow cut their faces like bits of steel. In the darkness, which steadily thickened, they heard the appalling boom of bergs and the grind of floes colliding on the sea.

Ootah leaped to the team of dogs and interrupted their feast. He knew they had not a single moment to lose—the field had surely parted from the land ice and it was now a dreadful question as to whether a return was possible. As he was hitching the dogs to the loaded sledge he suddenly gave a start. Was he dreaming? Was he hearing the disembodied speak, as men did in dreams? He listened intently—surely he

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heard a soft sweet voice calling piteously through the wind. His heart gave a great thud.

Through the gathering gloom he saw something . . . a blur of blackness . . . gathering substance as it approached over the ice. It moved uncertainly . . . and seemed to be driven toward him by the furious wind.

"Look—who is it?" he called to Maisanguaq.

For answer, through the din of the elements, a voice called brokenly, sobbingly:

"Ootah! Ootah!"

Ootah leaped to his feet. Out of the snow-driven blackness a frail figure staggered towards him.

"Annadoah," Ootah murmured, seizing the trembling woman in his arms. She seemed about to faint.

"Why hast thou come here?" He hugged her fiercely to his bosom. He felt a throb of ecstatic delight; for the first time she had surrendered to his arms; for the first time he held her close to him; death—for the moment—lost its terrors—he felt that he would be willing to die, in that storming darkness, with her heart beating, so that he felt its every pulse, close, close to his.

The wild winds almost drowned Annadoah's words.

"The women came to me," she panted with difficulty, and Ootah had to bend his ear to her mouth so as to hear. "They were angry. They said 'She stealeth souls! Annadoah stealeth souls!' They said Annadoah hath caused the death of many children! Ootah! Ootah! They came, as they do when thou art absent. They threatened me—they called upon the spirits, as they once called to them beneath the sea. And the curse of the long night—of darkness—hunger—death . . . they invoked . . . of the dead . . . upon me . . . I was afraid." Ootah felt her shuddering in his arms. "The women came unto my igloo," she repeated wildly—"they desired that ravens peck my eyes—that I rest without a grave—that my body lie unburied and that my spirit never rest. And the curse of darkness—*io-o-h-h!*—they called the curse of darkness upon me. They kicked me, and tore my hair . . . They came unto my igloo as the storm came and called upon the spirits of the skins to strike me; for they said I had again driven thee to thy death, that I had sent the others to their death. Thou knowest I lay ill when thou didst depart. But they fell on me one by one and hurt me—I feared they would kill me. They were angry and they called upon the dead. The storm strikes; the spirits of the winds are angry; the ice breaks, and it is the fault of Annadoah. So they said."

Her eyes were wild, her hair dishevelled. Ootah felt her forehead—it burned with fever.

"How didst thou come here—and why?" he asked, his heart bounding in the thought that she had followed him, that of him she sought protection.

"I know not—methinks I called upon the spirits. I knew thou didst come this way—I knew thou wouldst save me from the women. And I followed. The way was dark. The wind held me back. But I knew thou wert here—my heart led me; my heart found thee as birds find grass in the mountains. Ootah! Ootah! I fear I shall die!" She collapsed in his arms. The wind shrieked. In the distance two icebergs exploded—there was a flash of phosphorus on the sea as the arctic dinosaurs collided.

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"Come! Or we perish in the sea!" Maisanguaq yelled.

Annadoah cowered at the sound of his voice.

"And he . . . is here?" she whispered. "I am afraid."

They felt the great ice field rocking on the waves imprisoned beneath them. It trembled whenever it touched a passing berg.

Maisanguaq prodded the terror-stricken dogs. Their howls shrilled through the storm.

"Huk! Huk! Huk!" he urged.

Supporting Annadoah with one arm Ootah pushed forward after the moving team. He knew they were being carried steadily and slowly seaward, but he had hopes that the ice field would swerve landward toward the south where an armlike glacier jutted, elbow-fashion, into the sea and caught the current.

Snapping their whips and frantically urging the dogs, they fought through the snow-driving darkness and over the moving field of ice. Annadoah murmured wild and incoherent things in her delirium. They paced off half a mile.

"Aulate!" Ootah suddenly called, panic-stricken. "Halt! halt!" Maisanguaq stopped the dogs. Before them a snaky space of water, blacker than the darkness about them, and capped with faintly phosphorescent crests of tossing waves, separated them—Ootah knew not how far—from the land.

"To the right!" Ootah called. "Let us go onward!"

"Huk! Huk!" Maisanguaq encouraged the dogs.

"The floe may land near the glacier," Ootah cried.

He spoke to Annadoah. She made an irrelevant reply about the women who called upon the spirits—and their terrible maledictions.

With Maisanguaq ahead driving the dogs, they turned to the south. Annadoah sank helpless in Ootah's arms—she could no longer walk. Ootah supported her. At times his feet slipped. He felt himself becoming dizzy. The beloved burden in his arms became unsupportably heavy. They travelled in utter darkness, near them the desirous clamor of the waves. Seaward, at times, where the splitting floes crashed against one another, there ran zigzag lines of phosphorescence. The winds howled in the ears of Ootah like the voices of the unhappy dead. Occasionally he heard the voice of Maisanguaq ahead urging the team.

Ice froze on their faces, frigid water swept the floe. Their garments became saturated and froze to the skin. Finally the dogs refused to move. "We can go no further," said Maisanguaq, in terror. "I am resigned to die." Ootah stubbornly invoked the spirits of his ancestors for succor. He called to the dogs.

Thereupon a terrific shock caused both men to reel. The ice field trembled under them—then stopped.

Ootah realized that a section of it had swept against one of the many land-adhering glaciers. There was hope—and greater danger.

With a rumbling crash that reverberated above the storm the field separated into countless tossing fragments. The cake on which the terror-stricken party cowered swirled dizzily in an eddy of the released foaming waters. On all sides the inky waves seethed up among the crevices of the sundering floes. To the south Ootah heard the breakers booming against the ice cliffs which perilously barred the currents of the angry sea. The caps of the curling waves took on a pale white and appalling luminance.

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"The faces of the dead!" cried Maisanguaq in superstitious terror. "From the bosom of Nerrvik they come to greet us."

Ootah, however, felt no fear. For once he felt unheedful of those in the other world. His mind was occupied with a more immediate interest—that of saving the life of the woman he loved.

With quick presence of mind, Ootah grasped the rear upstander of the sled, which had begun to slide to and fro, and planted his harpoon in the ice.

"Thy axe!" he shouted. Maisanguaq passed the axe. Ootah grappled for it in the darkness. "Hold the harpoon," he directed. Mechanically Maisanguaq groped for the harpoon and held it while Ootah, with his one free hand, lifted the axe and drove it into the ice. With the other hand he still gripped the unconscious woman. Her hair swished about his legs in the howling wind. Maisanguaq planted his own weapon in the ice on the opposite side of the sledge, and Ootah, with unerring strokes, hardly able to see it in the darkness, pounded it firmly into the ice.

"Thy lashings," he called. Maisanguaq passed a coil of skin rope.

About the improvised stakes which secured the sled Ootah whipped the lashings, then he passed them under and over the sled until it was securely pinioned. Very gently he placed Annadoah upon the mass of walrus meat and lashed her body in turn to the sled and about the stakes. With Maisanguaq's assistance he tied the cowering dogs to the harpoons. This done, the two men, benumbed and dazed, clung to the anchor for support.

As the severed ice cakes dispersed, a curling wave lifted the floe on which they clung high on its crest and tossed it southward. As it rose on the surging breakers Ootah felt the dread presence of *Perdlugssuaq* ready to strike. Each time they made swift, sickening descents in the seething troughs he felt all consciousness pass away. On all sides the waves hissed. Torrents of water swept over the floe. Ootah felt his limbs freezing; he felt his arms becoming numb. He feared that at any moment he should lose his grip and be swept into the raging sea. Then he thought of Annadoah and conjured new courage. For a while the dogs whined—then they became silent. One already was drowned. Ootah bent over Annadoah to protect her from the mountainous onslaughts of icy water. His teeth chattered—he suffered agonies. For a long black hour of horror they were driven over the thundering seas and through a frigid whirlwind of snow, sharp as flakes of steel.

The recoiling impetus of the waters gradually increased under them. Ootah knew this indicated an approach to land. The waves came in shorter, but quicker swells. The floe bumped into others. Ootah roused himself and hopefully turned toward Maisanguaq.

"We approach the land," he called. "We must bide our time—then jump."

The waves washed the floe toward the distant shore. Land ice steadily thickened about them. Maisanguaq realized that they were actually being carried to the sheltering harbor of the arm-like glacier south of the village. Ootah quickly began unlashing Annadoah so as to be prepared to leap, when the opportunity came, from cake to cake, to safety.

Impelled by a warning instinct, Ootah suddenly looked up from his task, and felt rather than saw Maisanguaq near and about to leap upon him. Maisanguaq's eyes dimly glowered in the dark. Ootah rose quickly. Maisanguaq drew back and uttered an exclamation of chagrin. Ootah understood. With rescue possible, Maisanguaq had quickly come to a desperate resolution.

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The girl lay between them.

Ootah braced himself.

"I hate thee, Ootah," Maisanguaq shouted, no longer able to suppress the baffled jealousy and seething envy endured quietly for many seasons. He moved about, parleying for time and a chance to spring upon Ootah when he was unguarded.

"I hate thee not, Maisanguaq," Ootah replied. He steeled himself, for he knew Maisanguaq was strong, he knew the ice was treacherous; he waited for the man to strike.

"My heart warms for Annadoah; so doth thine: therefore, thou or I must die." Maisanguaq's deep voice sounded hoarse through the storm.

"As thou sayest," Ootah replied, "but why?"

"Annadoah must be thine or mine; dead, she cannot choose thee, and with thee dead, my strength shall cow her. As men did of old I shall carry her away by force. She shall be mine."

"Annadoah hath already chosen—her heart is in the south," Ootah replied, sadly.

"Fool!" the other man shrieked. "Didst thou not go to the mountains to get her food; didst thou not thieve from thine own self to give oil to her; didst thou not fawn upon her and perform the services of a woman? Thou liest if thou sayest thou wilt not have her for thy wife. No man does this unseeking of reward."

"I love Annadoah," Ootah said, bitterly.

"Yea, and thou hast hope."

"Perchance—perchance I have hope."

"And Annadoah looks with favor upon thee—I have seen it in her eyes. Did she not greet thee as women greet their lovers when thou camest from the mountains, and did she not bind thy wounds with strange ointment?"

"She thought of another—her heart was in the south."

"Hath she not sought thee hither—upon the ice—when the women fell upon her with their curses? Her heart wings to thee, did she not say, as birds to green grasses in the mountains?"

"Her heart is in the south," Ootah sadly moaned.

"The heart of woman changes always," cried Maisanguaq. "The heart of woman always yields to force. Pst!"

Seeing Ootah turn slightly toward Annadoah, Maisanguaq sprang at his throat. Their arms closed about one another. Maisanguaq breathed the wrath of the spirits upon Ootah. He fought with the fierce strength of one insane with jealous, murderous rage. The icy floe rocked beneath them. They slipped to and fro on the treacherous ice. The sharp snow beat their faces. Water washed under their feet. At times they reached, in their frightful struggle, the very edge of the floe, and seemed about to tumble into the seething sea. Ootah felt Maisanguaq trying to force him over the watery abyss—but he fought backwards . . . time and time again . . . They constantly fell over the unconscious woman on the sledge. About them the darkness roared; they felt the heaving sea beneath them. And while they struggled, in their brief terrible death-to-the-death fight, the floe was tossed steadily onward. Ootah felt his breath giving out. Maisanguaq felt Ootah's hands closing about his throat. He felt the blood pound in his temples. Desperation filled him—he determined to kill Ootah by any means. A grim suggestion came to him. He endeavored to release himself.

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In a lull of the wind both heard something that made them start. Aroused from her feverish coma by the two men falling against her, Annadoah suddenly cried aloud. The two men stood stone-still, locked in a deadly grip.

At that moment Annadoah felt the warmth of their panting breath as they paused near her. Where she was at first she did not realize. She heard a clamor of wind and breaking waters. She imagined herself being tossed through the air in the arms of the *tornarssuit*. At the same time she became vividly aware of the desperate struggle near her. Subconsciously she realized Maisanguaq and Ootah were engaged in a fight to the death. In the darkness she sensed them moving away from her. Straining her eyes she began, very dimly—as Eskimos can even in pitch darkness—to descry the black outlines of the two men wrestling as they shifted nearer and nearer the edge of the ice. Then it dawned upon Annadoah's mind that they were being carried, in the jeopardy of an awful storm, on a floe that was tossed hither and thither in a maelstrom of angry waters. A frantic desire to save Ootah surged up within her. Behind him she saw the swimming blackness of the heaving waves. She attempted to rise. Her head swam; there was loud ringing in her ears. Her hands were not free, her ankles were bound—she struggled to release herself. Twisting her wrists and ankles in the tight lashings until they bled, it suddenly flashed upon her that she was lashed to the sled. She knew that at any moment the floe might crash into a glacier and be crushed to atoms. She knew that Maisanguaq and Ootah were fighting for the possession of her—that both might perish, or, what was worse, that Maisanguaq might win. Chaotic terror filled her. Struggling frantically but ineffectually, she uttered a maniacal scream.

"Ootah! Ootah!"

Ootah did not reply.

The storm howled. The wind lashed the floe—it fell like a whip on her face. Annadoah felt the surging impetus of the angry sea under them. She felt herself rising on the crests of mighty waves and being swiftly hurled into foaming troughs of water. Frigid spray bathed her face. Still the two vague shadows, darker than the night, slowly and laboriously moved about her. At times they brushed her lashed body—then she felt the quick gasp of their breath; she sensed the strain of Ootah's limbs twisting in the struggle.

Again she perceived the two shifting away and being merged in the swimming blackness. Presently she saw only the phosphorescent crest of a mountainous wave . . . rising in the distance . . . She became cold with white fear—she felt her blood turn to ice . . . She screamed and struggled vainly with the lashings . . . She felt the floe rise, felt herself being steadily lifted into the air, and of sheer paralyzed fright again swooned.

Maisanguaq by a fierce wrench managed to release one hand, struck Ootah a heavy blow and broke away. Leaping to the opposite side of the sledge, with a terrific pull he drew one of the harpoons out of the ice and with his knife speedily cut it loose from the lashings. Ootah, stunned for a moment, turned upon him. Maisanguaq desperately raised the weapon. Ootah heard it hiss through the air. He reeled backward—the harpoon grazed his arm and struck the ice.

At that very instant the oncoming breaker descended with a rush from behind—a torrent of water washed the floe. Ootah was lifted from

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his feet and dashed against the sled. When he rose he waited in silence for an attack. There was none. He moved over the floe cautiously, feeling the darkness. Creeping to the edge he saw something dimly white and blurred on the receding wave. "Maisanguaq," he called, softly. There was a pang at his heart, for he was truly gentle. He strained his ears to hear through the din of the elements. The floe suddenly jolted him as it was carried, with a thud, against shore-clinging ice. Ootah peered seaward, and called again—loudly:

"Maisanguaq!"

Only the waves replied.

Hurriedly he cut the leather lashings and, leaping from floe to floe, carried Annadoah to the shelter of the shore. Returning he loosened the dogs. Only three lived. Biding his time until the floe was ground securely among others, he then dragged his load of meat ashore. Sinking to the earth he rubbed Annadoah's hands and breathed into her face.

He called her name. Presently she stirred.

"Ootah," she murmured. "It is very dark—very dark—I wonder . . . whether . . . it will soon be spring."

He chafed her hands. For a lucid moment she nestled to him and in a terrified voice whispered:

"Maisanguaq—where is he?" She heard Ootah's reply.

"He hath gone the long journey of the dead."

Annadoah breathed a sigh of relief and again floated into the coma of fever and exhaustion.

The journey before Ootah was desperately difficult in the storm and darkness. In his way of reckoning he knew they had floated about two miles south of the village. The return lay along the sea and over crushed, blocked ice. Much as he regretted it, he was compelled to leave the precious load of walrus blubber behind, so as to carry Annadoah, who was unable to walk, on the sledge. He covered the blubber with cakes of ice, hopeful that it might by chance escape the ravaging bears. His companions might come for it after his return. He knew the probabilities were, however, that the keen noses of the bears would detect it.

After lashing Annadoah to the sledge, so she might not be jolted from it, Ootah, with a brave heart, started in the teeth of the biting wind. The half-frozen dogs rose to their task nobly and pulled at the traces. Ootah pushed the sledge from behind. He trusted to the sure instinct of the animals to find a safe way. Progress was necessarily slow. Fortunately the snow stopped falling and one agony was removed.

In lulls of the storm Ootah heard Annadoah moaning in her delirium.

When they reached the village, a half dozen men were assembled outside their houses. They rejoicingly hailed Ootah, whom they had counted among the dead. He learned that two of his companions had gone to join Maisanguaq. The first party had safely reached the shore before the breaking-away of the ice. The news of Ootah's arrival brought out the women. When they saw Annadoah they crowded about her, scolding. Ootah silenced the garrulous throng with a fierce command. They shrank away.

"She came to me on the ice," he said. "Knew ye not that the spirits fared not well within her, that she was ill, ye she-wolves? She sees things that are not so and raves of the curses ye invoked, barking she-dogs! *Aga! Aga!* Go—go!"

Assisted by several of the men, Ootah conveyed Annadoah into her

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igloo and laid her upon her couch. Her face was flushed and as she lay there Ootah thought she was very beautiful. She had become much emaciated—Ootah did not like that. But when she opened her eyes Ootah saw in them a soft, new light.

"Thou art brave, Ootah," she said, essaying a smile of gratitude. "Thou art brave of heart . . . and kind."

Ootah's heart stirred. Once she had said that his heart was as soft as that of a woman; this was, indeed, to him reward for all the frightful terrors he had endured on the storming sea.

"And do the wings of thy heart not stir, Annadoah?" he asked softly, a world of pleading in his voice. "Wilt thou not be mine in the spring?"

"In the spring," she said, dreamily, and her voice quavered . . . "in the spring . . . "

A far-away look came into her eyes, and Ootah felt an infinite ache at his heart.

"I am afraid, Ootah," she said presently, in a trembling voice. . . . "Afraid . . . my head burns—the igloo is black . . . Dost thou remember what the women told their dead? . . . They invoked the dead to curse me . . . as I stood by the open sea . . . when the moon rose . . . Ootah! Ootah! I cannot see thee . . . It is very . . . dark." Ootah laid his hand upon Annadoah's head. "The spirits do not fare well within thee," he said. "But I will care for thee."

For nearly a moon Annadoah lay ill with a strange fever. And in her disturbed dreams, as Ootah watched through the long hours, she murmured vaguely, but longingly, for the spring.

[*To be concluded*]

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EDITORIAL NOTES

The Cabinet

IT is not necessary to offer advice to Governor Wilson with regard to the composition of his Cabinet. He has given clear evidence of his own forcefulness and ability to lead, and he will profitably follow his own advice. But the following quotation from James Russell Lowell is none the less interesting at a time when the clamor for the spoils of office is distinctly raucous.

"Lincoln showed that native force may transcend local boundaries, but the growth of such nationality is hindered and hampered by our division into so many half-independent communities, each with its objects of county ambition, and its public men great to the borders of their district. In this way our standard of greatness is insensibly debased. To receive any national appointment, a man must have gone through precisely the worst training for it; he must have so far narrowed and belittled himself with State politics as to be acceptable at home. In this way a man may become Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs because he knows how to pack a caucus in Catawampus County, or be sent as Ambassador to Barataria because he has drunk bad whisky with every voter in Wildcat City."

The Sherman Act and Corners

IT is curious that it has taken almost twenty-five years to discover that speculative corners are prohibited by the Sherman law. To those who care to speculate, not in cotton, but with regard to the future of the race, it would seem that the prohibition has been found, not so much in a specific law or in legal forms, but in that developing public opinion which both makes laws, and makes them effective. Speculative business of an irregular or dangerous character was long left to flourish or to work out its own extinction, in spite of occasional or even widespread indignation, because the *laissez faire* policies of the time were too deeply intrenched, and intelligent public opinion too

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slightly organized. It is quite possible that if proceedings had been brought twenty years ago, the decision recently given by the Supreme Court would not then have been handed down. For though the interpretation of a legal enactment requires legal training, the general widening of the mental range of a nation is reflected, though not hastily, in the character of its judiciary. The Supreme Court now sees clearly what would perhaps have been hidden from it a quarter of a century ago. Still clearer vision may be expected during the next quarter of a century, so that the law will not be divorced so completely as it has been from the books of the prophets.

"One Little Lieutenant"

THE one little lieutenant who brought disgrace to a sorrowing Police Department is rapidly being reinforced by other big and little victims of the painful public demand that police "protection" shall be reserved for the public, and not for persistent law-breakers. It is regrettable that the Mayor of New York City should have been attacked so strongly in the press, merely because his administration has unfortunately been associated with such scandals. Surely it is unfair to expect the responsible executive of a city to be fully acquainted with the conditions prevailing in the different departments and to insure reasonable efficiency? He has his own policies to carry out, and he cannot be expected to waste time in conducting a drastic, fearless exposure of whatever has been cloaked by the "System," so that all corruption could be cut away and the self-respecting members of the force permitted to go decently about their business, and so recover some measure of public confidence.

In the meantime, disclosure follows disclosure; insolence is added to corruption; and the Police Department of New York is a byword through the country.

And the Mayor, no doubt, expects re-election.

Why?

The Vice-Presidency

ALTHOUGH the matter has no practical importance at present, the position of the Republican Electors with regard to the

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Vice-Presidency was interesting. They were under no obligation to support any specific candidate, and though the honor of the nomination was merely formal, it was associated with unusual conditions. So far as one section of the College was concerned, there was an opportunity to revert to the original spirit of the constitution and illustrate, in however minor a degree, the purpose for which that assembly was designed. No clamoring and manipulated convention dictated to them, in this respect, what they should do and in whose favor they should stultify themselves and accept the position of a recording, instead of an elective, body. Even so small a wedge as was provided by the recent situation may be used to produce a cleavage that may more and more widely separate constitutional and orderly government from the intrusive domination of unelected, undemocratic and decidedly undesirable "bosses."

The Panama Canal Controversy

THE statement by President Taft that he is entirely willing —and would be ashamed not to be willing—to submit the Panama Canal controversy to arbitration by an impartial tribunal, if an amicable adjustment cannot otherwise be reached, has been received with wide approval and has removed much of the European suspicion that this country had no faith in its own contentions, and was therefore reluctant to refer the case to unbiased discussion. In view of his own repeatedly announced convictions on the subject of arbitration, and in view, further, of the unmistakable public sentiment in favor of the proper adjudication of the dispute, the President could not have taken any other course; but none the less it will be remembered to his credit when the petty animosities and attempted evasions of some provincial publicists have passed peacefully into oblivion. A certain section of the press, to which a yellow label is usually applied, very vehemently tried to stir up ill feeling, insisting that possession was nine points of the law and the whole of the new American testament and temperament. Patriotism that is based on such blatancy may be left cheerfully to the private enjoyment of its inventors; it has no place in modern America. We wish to lead the world, not to mislead it; and we are perfectly willing to sac-

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rifice a trivial commercial advantage in order to illustrate the principle that great nations and small meannesses cannot be decently associated.

The Dynamite Conspiracy

THE verdict in the great dynamite conspiracy has passed quietly as a simple item in current news; and one of the most astounding campaigns in the long war of labor against capital has come to a conclusion.

Not big minds, but little minds, conceived that gigantic mistake. There are too many emotional and one-sided people who are ready to justify any means, including murder, to further the aims of their own class, or of the class in which they are specially interested. We are familiar with the survival of the mediæval militarist; but the modern war-mania is a sign, not of progress, but of deterioration. The nations of the world have established vast armed camps; the highways of the sea are patrolled by battleships; class is striking out at class; and the very women are making war in their own way.

Everywhere sect against sect, one division of the human race against another. In the name of brotherhood, blood. In the name of Christ, crime.

Nothing, it will be said, is won with folded hands. Here, as hereafter, it must be "Strive on, strive ever." Yes: but there is a difference between striving and strife. To-day should be the day of the big, simple minds; not of the little, mean minds: of union, not disunion. The voice of a free, enlightened people will prevail against the thunders of all the dynamite in the universe. But a people can never be enlightened and free until they learn to believe in themselves and forget the tricks of the violence-mongers, who assert that he is in the right who can cut most throats or mangle most bodies. But democracy has been fooled so long that it will continue to fool itself, rather than escape from its shackles.

Suffragette Intolerance

THERE is an old proverb that one cannot touch pitch without being defiled. This is not true, but it is sufficiently suggestive

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to serve as a text for a little reference to the growing intolerance of the acutely militant suffragettes.

The militant movement in England has passed beyond the proper bounds of reason and decency, in its public conduct; and there is some evidence that it has passed beyond the proper bounds of courtesy, in private discussion. Womanhood discarded so much of its traditional attributes in adopting the policy of aggression, that the extension of the process of denudation became almost inevitable. But it is none the less regrettable. Advertisement has its uses, but it has also its dangers. Action that was at first repugnant, but was accepted from a sense of necessity, has resulted in a dangerous reaction on character, in the abrading of those finer sensibilities which, in the beginning of the modern movement, were the very motive force of the rightful revolt from inequality and unjustifiable degradation.

When women commence to argue in public with stones and acids, one may prepare for the introduction of the acid argument into private life; and this is neither pleasant nor necessary. There are a few American women who, secretly or openly, despise the common-sense principles of their sisters and prefer the blatant methods which are ruining the movement over the water. They are entitled to hold and to explain their opinions; but they are not entitled to assume that theirs is the only possible point of view and that all other opinions are inherently ludicrous. A difference of opinion does not constitute a personal affront, and it can be bridged most effectively, not by the charge of stupidity on either side, but by rational discussion. Intolerance never makes converts who are of value, though the sheep instinct leads many to accept blindly the leadership of an aggressive and dominating personality. It is becoming clear that the movement in England must have more intelligent and less irascible leaders, if the ebbing of the tide is to be stayed and the women and men who think, and not merely emotionalize, are not to be alienated by the deplorable associations of the present militant movement.

It seems possible that the mental calibre of the English leaders has been overrated from the beginning. Certainly it has been, if they are responsible for such "arguments" as the fol-

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lowing, which have recently arrived—they could scarcely have been indigenous—in this country.

1. That one of the reasons for the adoption of the window-smashing tactics is that the windows demolished are insured in *a Government insurance company,* and the financial loss therefore falls upon the Government.

2. That the injury to letters by acids and other destructive fluids placed in letter boxes has been exaggerated and the manœuvre completely misunderstood, since the operation has in reality been performed so skilfully that only a portion of the address on each letter has been defaced, with the result that not a single letter has actually been withheld from transmission to its destination.

With regard to the first ingenuous assertion, there is no "Government" insurance company of any kind in Great Britain, apart from the various civil service superannuation schemes, the Post Office thrift facilities, and the system of compulsory insurance for domestic servants and other employees recently instituted under the much-discussed Insurance Act.

With regard to the second statement, one may be permitted to marvel at the extraordinary skill of a suffragette who, furtively pouring acid or some defacing fluid into a letter box, can so distribute her attentions and her fluid that each letter receives only its calculated little flood, and no more—a sufficient portion of the address being designedly left unobliterated. If it be true that no letters have remained undelivered in consequence of these attacks, an uninitiated observer would have attributed the fact to the efficiency of the British postal authorities.

Fortunately, a cause founded on reason can survive the mistakes of its too zealous, but not too well-informed, supporters. But it will certainly not profit by the extended use of such "arguments" as those just discussed.

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The fiction hit of the year

ONCE ABOARD THE LUGGER

by A. S. M. Hutchinson

This is a delightful book, with many unusual and striking features. Witty and wise, clean and wholesome, it stands apart from the mass of ephemeral stories. It is one of the few novels which can be read and re-read, enjoyed and enjoyed again. For through all the laughter and the quaintness shines the reality of life. It is transfigured, the sadness and the tears are gone; very rarely do we catch the undertone of sorrow. Yet, as the characters come and go, playing their parts in the daintiest love story that has been written for years, we know that they are not marionettes, moved deftly or capriciously by their fashioner, but real men and real women, whose companionship would lighten the gloom of the most dismal day.

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Contributors to the March Forum

James Gibbons Huneker was born in Philadelphia. He studied law and conveyancing for five years, and then studied the piano with Theodore Ritter, at Paris. Later he was associated for ten years with Rafael Joseffy at the National Conservatory, New York. From 1891-5 he was music and dramatic critic for *The New York Recorder;* then, for two years, with *The Morning Advertiser;* and afterwards with *The New York Sun,* of which he is now art editor. He is the author of *Overtones; Iconoclasts—A Book of Dramatists; Visionaries; Egoists—A Book of Supermen;* and other well-known books.

Madison Cawein was born at Louisville, Kentucky—where he still resides—in 1865. He is the author of many books of poetry and prose, including *Kentucky Poems* (with an introduction by Edmund Gosse). His complete poetical works were re-issued in five volumes in 1907, but several volumes of later work have since been published.

Anna Garlin Spencer, who recently contributed a series of feminist articles to The Forum, commences in this issue a new series of short articles on the social evil, past, present, and in the future. The articles will provide the most important contribution to public thought that the "New Abolition Movement" has yet inspired. Mrs. Spencer's biography has been given several times in The Forum. She was born in Massachusetts, and has had extensive educational and ministerial experience, she herself having been ordained in 1891, while before that she had assisted her husband. She resigned in 1903 in order to devote herself more freely to the organization and advocacy of progressive measures, especially in connection with the readjustment of the position of women, socially, industrially, politically, and sexually. Her book, *Woman's Share in Social Culture,* was published a few months ago.

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay was born in 1879. He has had an adventurous and wandering life as a "literary tramp and preacher of the gospel of beauty." His home is in Springfield, Illinois, and there, as "rhymer and decorative designer," he tries to influence, in his own original way, the issues of American art. He recently completed a walking tour from his home town to central New Mexico, distributing his pamphlets on art subjects.

Walter Lippmann was born in New York City in 1889. He graduated from Harvard in 1910, and then spent a year in post-graduate work in philosophy. Subsequently he was engaged in magazine and newspaper work, but in January, 1912, he was appointed Executive Secretary to Mayor Lunn, of Schenectady. He resigned in the following May, publishing a criticism of the socialist administration in *The New York Call.*

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THE MARCH FORUM

HARRY KEMP was born in Youngstown, Ohio, in 1883. He came to Arlington, New Jersey, at the age of twelve, and, after a brief experience of school, went to work in a factory. Soon he discovered Keats, and began to take short tramping expeditions. The nomadic instinct then carried him to Australia as cabin boy on the bark *Pestallozi*. At Sydney he ran away from the ship, and lived an open-air, tramping life; but compulsory fasting became irksome and he escaped to China on a cattle boat. Next he was stranded in Manila, but contrived to get back home to the United States on the transport *Thomas*. Then followed wanderings in California, Texas and other States, with intervals of educational efforts, including a period of study at the State University of Kansas. He spent a winter at the Roycroft Shop; worked on the Great Lakes; roved, and wrote poetry. His verses have appeared more frequently in the magazines during recent months, and a complete volume of selections from all his poems is in preparation. His prose tragedy, *Judas*, will be published shortly.

DARRELL FIGGIS is a young English critic, novelist and poet. His novel, *Broken Arcs*, was published recently, and two volumes of poems have been issued, the last being *The Crucibles of Time*.

D. H. LAWRENCE was born at Eastwood, near Nottingham, in 1885, and his life in a colliery district has given him an intimate understanding of the miner's outlook and environment. A tragedy that he has written on this subject has been accepted for production in London. His first novel, *The White Peacock*, was published last year in America and in England and had considerable success. He has since written *A Game of Forfeits* and *The Trespasser*.

NORMAN BARNESBY, M. D., was born in 1873. He was educated at English and American public schools, and graduated as M. D. at Chicago University, 1898. He was interne in the United States Marine Hospital, Chicago. He has served as assistant surgeon in the Marine Hospital Service, and also as surgeon in the United States Army. After retiring from the Government service, he took up private practice in New York. His book, *Medical Chaos and Crime*, was widely discussed.

CLAUDE BRAGDON was born in Oberlin, Ohio, in 1866. He is a practising architect of prominence in Rochester, New York. He is the author of *The Beautiful Necessity* (essays on architectural æsthetics), of *Episodes from an Unwritten History* (theosophical), and of a book of poems.

MICHAEL MONAHAN was born in County Cork, Ireland, but came to this country when he was a child. He has had extensive experience in journalism, and is well known as the founder of *The Papyrus* and as the author of *Palms of Papyrus, Benigna Vena, Heinrich Heine*, and other books.

T. EVERETT HARRÉ, the author of *The Eternal Maiden*, which is concluded in this issue, is twenty-seven years old. *The Eternal Maiden* is his first novel. It has had an extraordinary reception, and will be published at once in book form both here and in England, France and Germany.

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An announcement by Mitchell Kennerley

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